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His arrow split the willow rod. (See page 237.)

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

EDITED BY

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FIFTH BOOK



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PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature—will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

INTRODUCTION

IN the Fourth and Fifth Readers the selections are longer, the language more advanced, and the literature of a more mature and less imaginative character than in the earlier books.

The teacher may now place increased emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

The word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text. For convenience, the more difficult words, with definitions and complete diacritical markings, are grouped together in the vocabulary at the end of the book.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a school library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities

which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups:

First—An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second—Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third—Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *val'ble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude*; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow-pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

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FIFTH READER

A Farewell Appearance

By F. ANSTEY

F. Anstey (1856 —): The pen name of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, an English novelist. He is the author of "Vice Versâ," "The Tinted Venus," and other novels.

I

1. "Dandy, come here, sir; I want you." The little girl who spoke was standing by the table in a room of a London house one summer day, and she spoke to a small silver-gray terrier lying curled up at the foot of one of the window curtains.

2. As Dandy happened to be particularly comfortable just then, he pretended not to hear, in the hope that his child mistress would not press the point.

3. But she did not choose to be trifled with in this way: he was called until he could dissemble no longer, and came out gradually, stretching himself and yawning with a deep sense of injury.

"I know you haven't been asleep; I saw you watching the flies," she said. "Come up here, on the table."

4. Seeing there was no help for it, he obeyed, and sat down on the tablecloth opposite to her, with his tongue hanging out and his eyes blinking, waiting her pleasure.

5. Dandy was rather particular as to the hands he allowed to touch him, but, generally speaking, he found it pleasant enough — when he had nothing better to do — to resign himself to be pulled about, lectured, or caressed by Hilda.

6. She was a strikingly pretty child with long, curling, brown locks. On the whole, although Dandy thought she had taken rather a liberty in disturbing him, he was willing to overlook it.

“I’ve been thinking, Dandy,” said Hilda, “that, as you and Lady Angelina will be thrown a good deal together when we go into the country next week, you ought to know each other, and you’ve never been properly introduced yet; so I’m going to introduce you now.”

7. Now, Lady Angelina was only Hilda’s doll, and a doll, too, with perhaps as few ideas as any doll ever had yet — which is a good deal to say.

Dandy despised her with all the enlightenment of a thoroughly superior dog. He considered there was simply nothing in her, except possibly sawdust, and it had made him jealous and angry for a long time to notice the influence that this staring creature had managed to gain over her mistress.

8. "Now sit up," said Hilda. Dandy sat up. But he was careful not to look at Lady Angelina, who was lolling ungracefully in the work-basket, with her toes turned in.

9. "Lady Angelina," said Hilda next, with great ceremony, "let me introduce my particular friend, Mr. Dandy. Dandy, you ought to bow and say something nice and clever, only you can't; so you must give Angelina your paw instead."

Here was an insult for a self-respecting dog. Dandy determined never to disgrace himself by giving his paw to a doll; it was quite against his principles. He dropped on all fours, rebelliously.

10. "That's very rude of you," said Hilda; "but you shall do it. Angelina will think it so odd of you. Sit up again and give your paw, and let Angelina stroke your head."

The dog's little black nose wrinkled and his lips twitched, showing his sharp white teeth: he was not going to be touched by Angelina's flabby wax hand if he could help it!

11. Unfortunately, Hilda, like older people sometimes, was bent upon forcing persons to know one another, in spite of an unwillingness on at least one side. So she brought the doll up to the terrier, and, taking one limp pink arm, attempted to pat the dog's head with it.

This was too much: his eyes flamed red like two

signal lamps, there was a sharp sudden snap, and the next minute Lady Angelina's right arm was crunched between Dandy's keen teeth.

12. After that there was a terrible pause. Dandy knew he was in for it, but he was not sorry. He dropped the mangled pieces of wax one by one, and stood there with his head on one side, growling to himself, but wincing for all that, for he was afraid to meet Hilda's indignant gray eyes.

13. "You abominable, barbarous dog!" she said at last, using the longest words she could to impress him. "See what you've done; you've bitten poor Lady Angelina's arm off!"

He could not deny it; he had. He looked down at the fragments before him, and then sullenly up again at Hilda. His eyes said what he felt—"I'm glad of it; serves her right; I'd do it again."

14. "You deserve to be well whipped," continued Hilda, severely, "but you do howl so. I shall leave you to your own conscience"—a favorite remark of her governess—"until your bad heart is touched, and you come here and say you're sorry and beg both our pardons. I only wish you could be made to pay for a new arm. Go away out of my sight, you bad dog; I can't bear to look at you!"

15. Dandy, still impenitent, moved leisurely down from the table and out of the open door into the kitchen. He was thinking that Angelina's arm was

very unpleasant to the taste, and he should like something to take the taste away. When he got downstairs, however, he found the butcher was calling and had left the gate open, which struck him as a good opportunity for a ramble. By the time he came back Hilda would have forgotten all about it, or she might think he was lost, and find out which was the more valuable animal—a silly, useless doll, or an intelligent dog like himself.

16. Hilda saw him from the window as he bolted out with tail erect.

“He’s doing it to show off,” she said to herself; “he’s a horrid dog sometimes. But I suppose I shall have to forgive him when he comes back!”

17. However, Dandy did not come back that night, nor all the next day, nor the day after that, nor any more; for, the fact was, Dandy happened that very morning to come across a dog stealer who had long had his eye upon him. •

18. He was not such a stupid dog as to be unaware he was doing wrong in following a stranger; but then the man had such delightful suggestions about him of things dogs love to eat, and Dandy had started for his run in a disobedient temper.

19. So he followed the man till they reached a narrow, lonely alley, and then, just as Dandy was thinking about going home again, the stranger turned suddenly on him, caught him up in one

hand, tapped him sharply on the head, and slipped him, stunned, into a big inside pocket.

II

20. For some reason or other, the dog stealer did not think it prudent to claim the reward offered for Dandy, as he had intended to do at first, and the dog not being of a breed in fashionable demand, the man tried to get rid of him for the best price that could be obtained. And so Dandy was bought by Bob and Jem, two traveling showmen, and became the dog Toby in their Punch-and-Judy show. Though in time the new Toby learned to perform his duties respectably enough, he did so without the least enthusiasm. Day by day he grew more miserable and homesick. *

21. He never could forget what he had once been and what he was, and often in the close sleeping room of some common lodging house he dreamed of the comfortable home he had lost and Hilda's pretty, imperious face, and woke to miss her more than ever.

At first his new masters had been careful to keep him from all chance of escape, and Bob led him after the show by a string; but, when he seemed to be getting resigned to his position, he was allowed to run loose.

22. He was trotting tamely at Jem's heels one

hot August morning, followed by a small train of admiring children, when all at once he became aware that he was in a street he knew well,—he was near his old home,—a few minutes' hard run and he would be safe with Hilda!

He looked up sideways at Jem, who was beating his drum and blowing his pipes. Bob's head was inside the show, and both were in front and not thinking of him just then.

23 Dandy stopped, turned round upon the unwashed children behind, looked wistfully up at them, as much as to say, "Don't tell," and then bolted at the top of his speed.

There was a shrill cry from the children at once of "Oh, Mr. Punch, sir, please — your dog's running away from you!" and angry calls to return from the two men. Jem even made an attempt to pursue him, but the drum was too much in his way, and a small dog is not easily caught at the best of times when he takes it into his head to run away. So he gave it up sulkily.

24. Meanwhile Dandy ran on, till the shouts behind died away. And at last, panting and exhausted, he reached the well-remembered gate, out of which he had marched so defiantly, it seemed long ages ago. Fortunately, some one had left the gate open, and he pattered eagerly down the steps, feeling safe and at home at last.

The kitchen door was shut, but the window was not, and, as the sill was low, he contrived to scramble up somehow and jumped into the kitchen, where he reckoned upon finding friends to protect him.

•25. But he found it empty, and looking strangely cold and desolate; only a small fire was smoldering in the range, instead of the cheerful blaze he remembered there, and he could not find the cook — an especial friend of his — anywhere.

He scampered up into the hall, making straight for the room where he knew he should find Hilda curled up in one of the armchairs, with a book.

26. But that room, too, was empty, — the shutters were up, and the half light which streamed in above them showed a dreary state of confusion: the writing table was covered with a sheet and put away in a corner, the chairs were piled up on the center table, the carpet had been taken up and rolled under the sideboard, and there was a faint, warm smell of flue and dust and putty in the place.

27. He pattered out again, feeling puzzled and a little afraid, and went up the bare staircase to find Hilda in one of the upper rooms, perhaps in the nursery.

But the upper rooms, too, were all bare and sheeted and ghostly, and, higher up, the stairs were spotted with great stars of whitewash, and there were ladders and planks on which strange men in

dirty white clothes were talking and joking a great deal, and doing a little whitewashing now and then, when they had time for it.

28. Their voices echoed up and down the stairs with a hollow noise that scared him, and he was afraid to venture any higher. Besides, he knew by this time somehow that Hilda, her father and mother, all the friends he had counted upon seeing again, would not be found in any part of that house.

It was the same house, though stripped and deserted, but all the life and color and warmth had gone out of it; and he ran here and there, seeking for them in vain.

29. He picked his way forlornly down to the hall again, and there he found an old woman with a duster pinned over her head and a dustpan and brush in her hand; for, unhappily for him, the family, servants and all, had gone away some days before into the country, and this old woman had been put into the house as a caretaker.

30. She dropped her brush and pan with a start as she saw him, for she was not fond of dogs.

"Why, dear me," she said. "How did the little beast get in, running about as if the whole place belonged to him?"

31. Dandy sat up and begged. In the old days he would not have done such a thing for any servant below a cook, — who was always worth while being

polite to, — but he felt a very reduced and miserable little animal indeed just then, and he thought she might be able to take him to Hilda.

32. But the woman's only idea was to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Why, if it isn't a Toby dog!" she cried, as her dim old eyes caught sight of his frill. "Here, you get out; you don't belong here!"

And she took him up by the scruff of the neck and went to the front door. As she opened it, a sound came from the street outside which Dandy knew only too well: it was the long-drawn squeak of Mr. Punch.

33. "That's where he came from," cried the caretaker, and she went down the steps and called over the gate: "Hi, master, you don't happen to have lost your Toby dog, do you? Is this it?"

The man with the drum came up—it was Jem himself; and thereupon Dandy was handed over the railings to him, and delivered up once more to the hard life he had so nearly succeeded in shaking off.

34. He had a severe beating when they got him home, as a warning to him not to rebel again; and he never did try to run away a second time. Where was the good of it? Hilda was gone, he did not know where, and the house was a home no longer.

35. So he went patiently about with the show, a dismal little dog captive, the dullest little Toby that

ever delighted a street audience ; so languid and listless at times that Mr. Punch was obliged to rap him really hard on the head before he could induce him to pay the slightest attention to his duties.

III

36. It was winter time, about a fortnight after Christmas, and the night was snowy and slushy outside, though warm enough in the kitchen of a big London house. The kitchen was crowded, a stream of servants was perpetually coming and going. In front of the fire a tired little terrier, with a shabby frill around his neck, was basking in the blaze, and near him sat a little dirty-faced man with a red beard, who was being listened to with some attention by some of the servants, who were enjoying a moment's leisure.

37. The little man was Jem ; and he, with his partner, Bob, and Dandy, were in the house, owing to a queer notion of its master, who happened to have a taste for experiments.

He agreed with many who consider that some kind of amusement in the intervals of dancing is welcome to children ; and he was curious to see whether the drama of Punch and Judy had quite lost its old power to please.

38. So he had decided upon introducing the original Mr. Punch from his native streets, and Jem and

Bob chanced to be the persons selected to exhibit him.

"Your little dog seems very wet and tired," said a pretty housemaid, bending down to pat Dandy, as he lay stretched out wearily at her feet. "Would he eat a cake if I got one for him?"

39. "He isn't fed on cakes as a general thing," said Jem, dryly; "but you can try him, miss."

But Dandy only half raised his head and did not take the cake. He was very comfortable there in the warm firelight, and the place made him feel as if he were back in his own old kitchen; but he was too tired to be hungry.

40. "He will hardly look at it," said the housemaid. "I don't think he can be well."

"Well!" said Jem. "He's well enough; that's all his contrariness, that is. The fact is, he thinks himself too good for the likes of us. I tell you what it is, miss: that dog's heart isn't in his business—he looks down on the whole concern, thinks it low!"

41. Here Bob, who had been setting up the show in one of the rooms, came into the kitchen, looking rather uneasy at finding himself in such fine company, and Dandy was soon called upon to follow the pair upstairs.

42. They went into a large, handsome room, where at one end there were placed rows of chairs, and at

the other the homely old show, seeming oddly out of place in its new surroundings.

Poor draggled Dandy felt more ashamed of it and himself than ever, and he was glad to get away under its ragged hangings and lie still by Bob's dirty boots till he was wanted.

43. And then there was the sound of children's voices and laughter as they all came trooping in, with a crisp rustle of delicate dresses and a scent of hot-house flowers and kid gloves that reached Dandy where he lay. It reminded him of evenings long ago when Hilda had had parties, and he had been washed and combed and decked out in ribbons for the occasion. The children had played with him and given him nice things to eat, which had generally disagreed with him; but now he could only remember the pleasure and petting of it all.

44. He would not be petted any more! Presently these children would see him smoking a pipe and being familiar with that low Punch. They would laugh at him, too,—they always did,—and Dandy, like most dogs, hated being laughed at.

45. The host's experiment was a complete success: the children were delighted to meet an old friend. Many had often wished to see the show through from beginning to end, and chance or a stern nurse had never permitted it. Now their time had come; and Mr. Punch was received with the usual applause.

46. At last the hero called for his faithful dog Toby; and accordingly Dandy was caught up and set on the shelf by his side.

The sudden glare hurt his eyes, and he sat there blinking at the audience with a pitiful want of pride in his dignity as dog Toby.

47. He tried to look as if he didn't know Punch, who was doing all he could to catch his eye. He longed to get away from the whole thing and lie down somewhere in peace.

Jem was scowling up at him. "I knew that dog would go and disgrace himself," he was saying to himself. "When I get him to myself, he shall catch it for this!"

48. Dandy was able to see better now. He found, as he had guessed, that here was not one of his usual audiences — no homely crowd of ragged children, turning their grinning faces up to him.

49. There were children here, too, plenty of them. but children at their best and daintiest, and looking as if untidiness and quarrels were things unknown to them, though possibly they were not. The laughter, however, was much the same as he was accustomed to, more musical perhaps and pleasanter to hear, but quite as hearty and unrestrained; they were laughing at him, and he hung his head.

50. But all at once he forgot his shame, though he did not remember Mr. Punch a bit the more for

that; he ran backwards and forwards on his ledge, sniffing and whining, wagging his tail and giving short, piteous barks in a state of the wildest excitement. The reason of it was this: near the end of the front row he saw a little girl who was bending eagerly forward with her pretty gray eyes wide open and a puzzled line on her forehead.

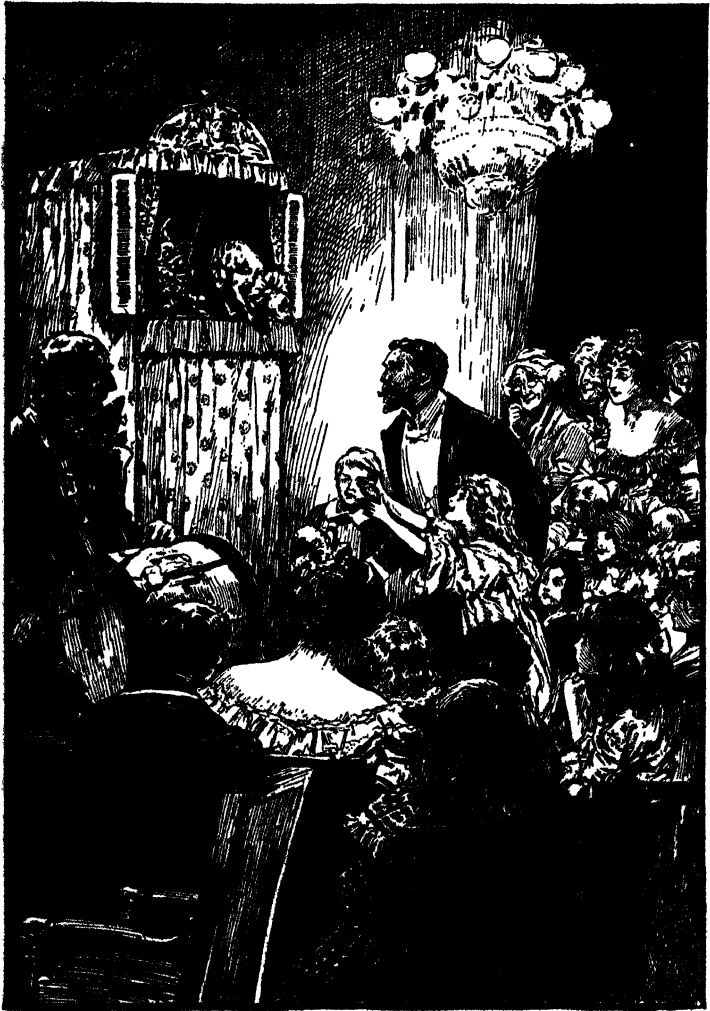
51. Dandy knew her at the very first glance. It was Hilda, looking more like a fairy princess than ever.

She knew him almost as soon, for her clear voice rang out above the general laughter: "Oh, that isn't Toby—he's my own dog, my Dandy, that I lost! It is, really! Let him come to me, please do! Don't you see how badly he wants to?"

52. There was a sudden surprised silence at this, even Mr. Punch was quiet for an instant; but as soon as Dandy heard her voice, he could wait no longer and crouched for a spring.

"Catch the dog, somebody, he's going to jump!" cried the master of the house, more amused than ever, from behind.

53. Jem was too sulky to interfere, but some good-natured grown-up person caught the trembling dog just in time to save him from a broken leg, or worse, and handed him to his delighted little mistress. I think the joy which Dandy felt as he was clasped tightly in her loving arms once more and covered



"Let him come to me! Please do!"

her flushed face with his eager kisses, more than made up for all he had suffered.

54. Hilda refused to have anything to do with Jem, who tried hard to convince her she was mistaken. She took her recovered favorite to her hostess.

“He really is mine!” she assured her earnestly; “and he doesn’t want to be a Toby, I’m sure he doesn’t: see how he trembles when that horrid man comes near! Dear Mrs. Lovibond, please tell them I’m to have him!”

55. And of course Hilda carried her point; for the showmen were not unwilling, after a short conversation with the master of the house, to give up their rights in a dog that would never be much of an ornament to their profession and was out of health into the bargain.

Hilda held Dandy, all muddy and draggled as he was, fast in her arms all through the remainder of the show, as if she was afraid Mr. Punch might still claim him for his own; and the dog lay there in perfect content.

56. “I think I should like to go home now,” she said to her hostess, when Mr. Punch had finally retired. “Dandy is so excited; feel how his heart beats, just there, you know; he ought to be in bed, and I want to tell them all at home so much!”

She resisted all entreaties to stay, from several

small partners, and she and Dandy drove home together.

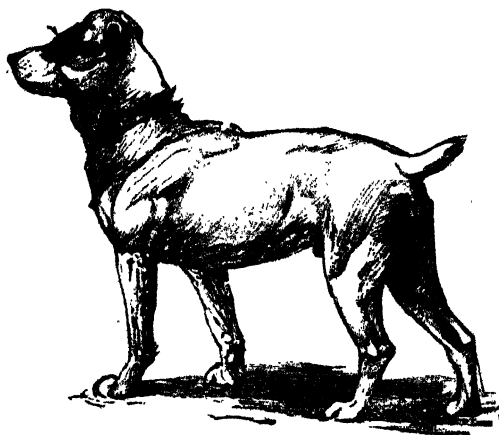
57. "Dandy, you're very quiet," she said once. "Aren't you going to tell me you're glad to be mine again?"

But Dandy could only wag his tail feebly and look up in her face with a sigh. He had suffered much and was almost worn out, but rest was coming to him at last.

I. **Dĩs sēm'ble**: pretend not to be what one really is. **Rě-sign'**: submit; give up. **Á bǝm'ĩ ná ble**: hateful. **Bǎr'bá roũs**: cruel. **ĩm pěn'ĩ tent**: not sorry.

II. **Ěn thũ'ĩ ǎm**: joyful excitement. **ĩm pē'ĩ oũs**: commanding; overbearing. **Dě fĩ'ant lý**: showing a disposition to resist.

III. **Pěr pět'ũ al lý**: constantly.



To-day

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881): A Scotch author, who exerted great influence on the religious and political beliefs of his time. His translations and essays on German literature made it for the first time familiar to English readers. He wrote "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "The History of Frederick the Great," and other works.

1. So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?
2. Out of Eternity
 This new day is born ;
 Into Eternity,
 At night, will return.
3. Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid.
4. Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day ;
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

a fōre'time : before.

The Old-Fashioned School

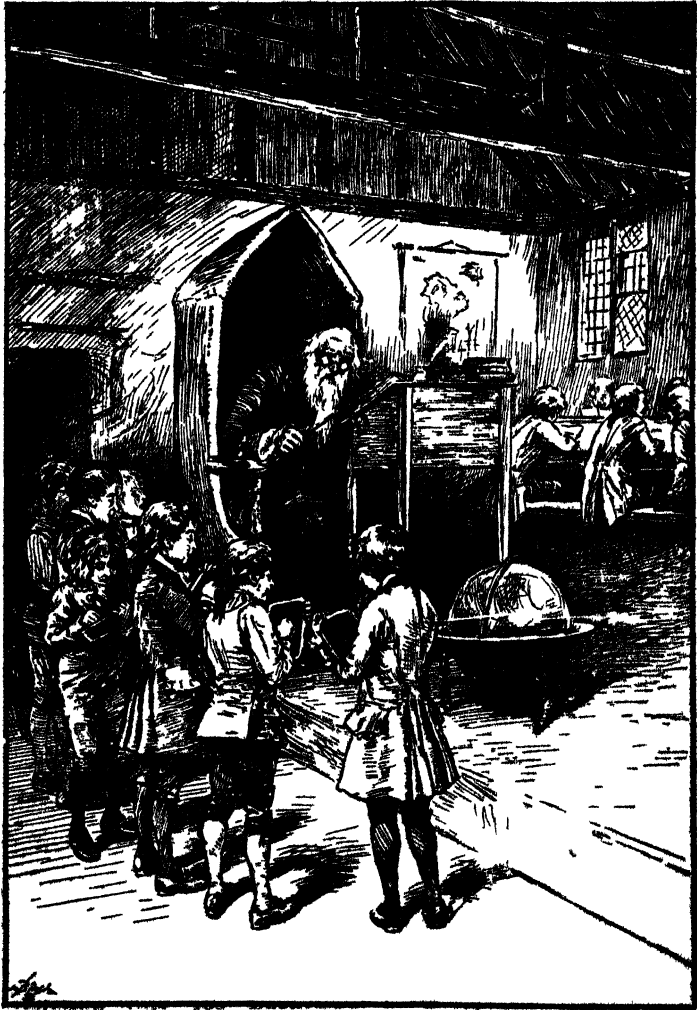
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864): An American author whose work ranks among the best American contributions to literature. He wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," and several other novels. He also wrote for children some beautiful imaginative stories, tales from New England history, and stories from Greek mythology.

1. Imagine yourselves in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches with desks before them.

2. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the earth for coal.

3. It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright, blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars until it gradually settles upon the



The old-fashioned school

walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

4. Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

5. And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

6. Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth goes a row of queer-looking little fellows wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions.

7. Old Master Cheever has lived so long and seen

so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life. Another shall be a lawyer, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and in his declining age shall be a member of his majesty's council. A third — and he the master's favorite — shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons in print and manuscript for the benefit of future generations.

8 But, as they are merely schoolboys now, their business is to read Virgil. Poor Virgil! whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been misparsed and misinterpreted by so many generations of idle schoolboys. There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

9. Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar and coffee.

10. Others will stand behind counters and measure

tape and ribbon and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea and become bold, rough sea captains.

11. This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

12. But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial,—the sentence quickly passed,—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times a school-master's blows were well laid on.

13. See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears

are almost deafened, though the noise comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years.

14. And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

“You are dismissed,” says Master Cheever.

15. The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the school-room, lo, what a joyous shout! what a scampering and tramping of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

16. Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow. Sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh with the birch rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow with troubles of its own.

17. Now the master has set everything to rights and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his

life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world.

Mūl ti tū'di noūs: very many. **Cōn**: study. **Proph'e sȳ**: foretell. **Sūc qēs'sor**: one who takes the place of another; follower. (**Unc'tion**: religious zeal; strong devotion.) **Vīr'gil** (B.C. 70-19): a great Roman poet. **Ūp hēave'**: raise. **Sa ga'cious**: wise. **Māl ē fāc'tor**: an evil doer. **Ex e cu'tion**: as a law term, the carrying into effect the judgment of a court of law. **Īr rē prēs'i ble**: that cannot be repressed or controlled.

Sidney Lanier.

1. **SIDNEY LANIER** was born at Macon, Georgia, on the 3d of February, 1842. From childhood he showed love for books and music, and he learned, almost without instruction, to play on the flute, organ, piano, violin, and guitar. The violin^{*} was his favorite instrument; but in deference to the wishes of his father, who feared for him the fascination of the violin, he devoted himself especially to the flute.

2. At the age of fourteen Sidney Lanier entered Oglethorpe[†] College, from which he was graduated four years later. He was offered a tutorship in the college, and he held that position until the beginning of the war between the states.

3. In April, 1861, Lanier enlisted with the Macon Volunteers in the Confederate army, and remained

in service till the last year of the war. In 1864, he was put in charge of a vessel which was to run the blockade. The vessel being captured, Lanier was for five months a prisoner at Point Lookout. This period of his life is described in his novel, "Tiger Lilies."

4. In February, 1865, Lanier was released by an exchange of prisoners, and he returned on foot to his Georgia home, carrying with him his one possession, — his flute, — which he had concealed in his sleeve when he entered the prison. He reached home utterly exhausted, and for weeks was desperately ill.

5. He was married, in 1867, to Miss Mary Day, and for several years he filled clerical positions, taught in a country academy, and practiced law. During the spring and summer of 1870 he was very ill, and the next eleven years were a struggle with illness, want, and care, ending only with death. Years brought a sense of obligation for the use of his talents, — the deeper because he felt his time short, — and he resolved to devote himself to an artistic life.

6. "For twenty years," he said, "through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life — in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could

enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly and through so much bitterness?"

7. In 1873, he made his home in Baltimore under engagement as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. The remaining years of his life were at once happy and sad. "On the one hand, was the opportunity for study, and the full consciousness of power, and a will never subdued; and on the other hand, a body wasting with consumption, that must be forced to tasks beyond its strength, not merely to express the thoughts of beauty which strove for utterance, but from the necessity of providing bread for his children."

8. Lanier's poem, "Corn," published in 1875, made him known to appreciative readers, and led to his being chosen to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

9. In 1879, he was appointed lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University, and for the first time had an assured income. During the next two years some of his finest poems were written, including the "Song of the Chattahoochee," "A Song of Love," and "The Marshes of Glynn." Some of

his University lectures were published in the volumes entitled, "The Science of English Verse" and "The Novel and its Development." He also edited for young people several volumes of hero tales, — "The Boy's Froissart," "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Boy's Mabinogion," and "The Boy's Percy."

10. The winter of 1880 brought a struggle for life itself, but no cessation of work. When too weak to leave his bed, with a fever temperature of a hundred and four degrees, he penciled his last poem, "Sunrise," one of a projected series of "Hymns of the Marshes," which he was not to live to finish. In the summer of 1881 he went with his wife to Lynn, North Carolina, and there he died, September 7, 1881.

11. By virtue of originality, lyrical beauty, and nobility of subject and treatment, Lanier's poems are being more and more recognized as ranking high among the best work yet produced in America.

Un congenial: not adapted to; not in sympathy with. **Fär'ci cal**: ridiculous. **Dēv ō tē'**: one who is wholly devoted. **Cán tū'tā**: a poem set to music. **Jean Frois'sart** (1337-1410?): a French author who wrote an entertaining history of his own times. **King Arthur**: a hero-king of Britain said to have lived in the sixth century. **Má bí nō'gí on**: a series of Welsh tales, chiefly about King Arthur and his knights. **Thomas Percy** (1729-1811): an English clergyman who collected and published early English poems.

Song of the Chattahoochee

BY SIDNEY LANIER

1. Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.
2. All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."
3. High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall

Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
 Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
 These glades in the valleys of Hall."

4. And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The whitequartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 — Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

5. But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call —
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain,
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Chăt tā hoo'chêe: a river of Georgia. **Lāv'Ing:** bathing. **For to:** in order to; an expression now little used. **Mān'föld:** many. **Bār:** hinder. **Lū'mi noūs:** very bright; shining. **Lūreḡ:** attractions. **Fāin:** glad; contented. **Māin:** the sea. **Mȳr'f ad:** a very great number; the word at first meant ten thousand.

The Four MacNicols

BY WILLIAM BLACK

William Black (1841–1899): An English novelist. He studied art with the view of becoming a landscape painter, but gave up art for journalism. He wrote many novels, of which "A Princess of Thule" and "A Daughter of Heth" are the most popular.

I

1. The four MacNicols lived at Erisaig, a fishing village in the north of Scotland. Robert, the eldest, was an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; Duncan and Nicol were Rob's younger brothers, and Neil was their orphan cousin.

2. Their father, a ~~hand~~ on board the steamer *Glenara Castle*, had but small wages. It was all he could do to pay for the boys' lodging and schooling, leaving them pretty much to hunt for themselves as regarded food and clothes.

Their food, mostly porridge, potatoes, and fish of their own catching, cost little; and they did not spend much money on clothes.

3. Nevertheless, for various purposes, money was

necessary to them; and this they obtained by going down in the morning when the herring boats came in and helping the men to strip the nets. The men were generally tired out and sleepy with their long night's work. They were glad to give these lads twopence or threepence apiece to undertake the labor of lifting the nets out of the hold and shaking out the silvery fish.

4. And when they had shaken out the last of the nets and received their wages, they stepped ashore with a certain pride; and generally they put both hands in their pockets, as a real fisherman would do.

5. On the whole, it was an idle, careless, happy life that they led up to the time that their father was drowned.

That was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol. It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life. And amid his sorrow for the loss of his father, Rob felt that now he must care for his two brothers and his cousin.

6. "Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay for the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

7. "Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?"

And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying at the shed?"

8. And again he said, "Do you think that Peter, the tailor, would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol.

9. It was determined, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing rods and betake themselves down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

10. Meanwhile he himself went along to the shed, which was used as a sort of storage house by some of the fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside.

11. Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be got about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the cast-away netting.

12. In this extremity Rob thought of rigging up a couple of guy•poles, as the salmon fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view, so that these guy poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

13. All this took up the best part of the afternoon ; for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles ; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicol's were busy fishing.

14. They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small cod, a large flounder, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob got hold of these, washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

II

15. He felt no shame in trying to sell fish : was it not the whole trade of the village ? So he walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish ?" said he ; "they're fresh."

16. The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want ?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer,

severely, "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else besides flying a kite."

17. "I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob; "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer; and then he added, with a good-natured laugh, "Are you going to be a fisherman, Rob?"

"I will see," said Rob.

18. So he had his ball of twine — and a very large one it was.

Off he set to his companions. "Come away, boys, I have other work for you."

19. Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob affixed his guy poles; and the lads went to the grocer and got from him a lot of old rope, on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul.

20. Then Rob proceeded to his fateful interview with Peter, the tailor, who agreed to let them have his boat for a shilling a week.

Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith, a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads: they tested the oars, they tested the thole pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom.

21. At last they were ready and went out to try their luck. So successful were they, and so eagerly

did they work, that, when the coming darkness warned them to return, they had the stern of the boat about a third full of very fair-sized saithe.

22. When they got into the slip, Neil at once proceeded to inform the inhabitants of Erisaig that for sixpence a hundred they could have fine fresh cuddies.

23. The sale of the cuddies proceeded briskly. Indeed, when the people had gone away again, and the four lads were by themselves, there was not a single cuddy left except a dozen that Rob had put into a can of water, to be given to the grocer in the morning as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

24. "What do you make it all together?" said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

"Three shillings and ninepence."

"Three shillings and ninepence! Man, that's a lot! Will you put it in the savings bank?"

25. "No, I will not," said Rob. "I'm not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too; and whatever money we can spare, we must spend on the net."

26. It was wise counsel, as events showed. For one afternoon, some ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had been having varying success; but they had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the schoolmaster; and every farthing beyond these necessary expenses they had spent on the net.

27. They had replaced all the rotten pieces with sound twine; they had got new ropes; they had deepened it, moreover, and added some more sinkers to help the guy poles.

III

28. Well, on this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol were pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fishermen call "broken water" — a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

29. "Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring: shall we try for them?"

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

30. Rob undid the rope from the guy pole and got this last ready to drop overboard. They came nearer and nearer that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it; and Rob quietly dropped the guy pole over.

31. Then the three lads pulled hard, and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy pole. The other guy pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a

few minutes Rob had caught this first guy pole; they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

32. But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere; and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

33. "Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them, but they're in the net. Man, I wonder if it'll stand."

34. Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told. The question was not with regard to the strength of the net; it was rather with regard to the strength of the younger lads: for they had succeeded in inclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat.

35. But even the strength of the younger ones seemed to grow into the strength of giants when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver.

And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the clatter made by the mackerel; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side!

36. When that heaving, sparkling mass of quick-

silver at last was captured, shining all through the brown meshes of the net, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through and happy.

37. "Man! Rob, what do you think of that?" said Neïl, in amazement.

"What do I think?" said Rob. "I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would buy soon a share in Coll MacDougall's boat and go after the herring"

38 They had no more thought that afternoon of "cuddy" fishing after this famous take, but rowed back to Erisaig; then Rob left the boat at the slip and walked up to the office of the fish salesman.

39. "What will you give me for mackerel?" he said. The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

40 "I'm not buying mackerel," said he; "not by the half dozen."

"I have half a boat load," said Rob.

"Well, I will buy the mackerel from you," he said "I will give you half a crown the hundred for them."

41 "Half a crown!" said Rob. "I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them."

"I will not give it to you. But I will give [^]you three shillings the hundred, and a good price, too."

"Very well, then," said Rob.

42. So the MacNicols got all together two pounds

and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

43. It is to be imagined that after this they kept a pretty sharp lookout for "broken water"; but of course they could not expect to run across a shoal of mackerel every day.

44 However, as time went on, with bad luck and good, and by dint of hard and constant work, whatever the luck was, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased, and at last Rob announced to his companions that they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat. This was accordingly done after a great deal of bargaining.

IV

45 These MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in Erisaig. The audacity of four boys setting up to do fishing on their own account had at first amused the neighbors, but their success and their conduct generally soon raised them above ridicule.

46. One day, as Rob was going along the main street of Erisaig, the banker called him into his office.

"Rob," said he, "have you seen the skiff at the building yard?"

"Yes," said Rob, rather wistfully, for many a time

he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's a splendid boat."

"And you've seen the new drift net in the shed?"

"Yes, I have that."

47. "Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built and the net bought as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are sober and diligent lads, and that you are good seamen and careful. Then you have been awhile at the herring fishing yourself. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat

48. In his excitement at the notion of being made master of such a beautiful craft, Rob forgot the respect he ought to have shown in addressing so great a person as the banker. He blurted out, "Man, I would just like to try!"

49. "I will pay you a certain sum per week while the fishing lasts," continued Mr. Bailie, "and you will hire what crew you think fit. Likewise, I will give you a percentage on the takes. Will that do?"

50. Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was, "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?"

And very soon the wild rumor ran through Eri-saig that no other than Rob MacNicol had been

appointed master of the new skiff, the *Mary of Argyle*, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

51. Rob, having sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, bought jerseys and black boots and yellow ~~oil-~~skins for his companions; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked smart enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the *Mary of Argyle*.

52. Then came the afternoon on which they ~~were~~ to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board with the lazy indifference of the trained fisherman very well imitated, and took his seat as stroke oar.

53. The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the *Mary of Argyle* went away across the shining waters, with the long white oars dipping with the precision of clockwork.

54. At the mouth of the harbor, Daft Sandy rowed his boat right across the path of the *Mary of Argyle*. Daft Sandy was a half-witted old man to whom Rob had been kind.

"What is it you want?" cried Rob.

55. "I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his boat up to the stern of the skiff.



"I want to come on board, Bob," said Daft Sandy.

“Rob,” said he, in a whisper, as he fastened his boat, “I promised I would tell you something. I’ll show you how to find the herring.”

56. “You!” said Rob.

“Yes, Rob; I’ll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that not any one in Erisaig knows — that not any one in all Scotland knows.”

57. He begged Rob to take him for that night’s fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen; this sign that the old man had discovered went to show the presence of large masses of fish, stationary and deep; it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air bubbles.

58. He was sure of it. He had watched it. It was a secret worth a bankful of money. And again he besought Rob to let him accompany him. Rob had stopped the lads when they were throwing herring at him; Rob alone should have the benefit of this valuable discovery of his.

59. Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but he could not resist the old half-witted creature. So they pulled him in and anchored the boat; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea.

V

60. There was no sign of any herring ; no breaking of the water ; and none of the other boats, as far as they could make out, had as yet shot their nets.

61. The night was coming on, and they were far away from Erisaig, but still old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the surface of the water as though he expected to find pearls floating there. And at last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm.

62. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of minute air bubbles rising to the surface of the sea.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said in a whisper, as though he were afraid the herring would hear. "Go deep, deep, deep!"

63. To let out a long drift net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair ; but to haul it in again is a hard task ; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a break-back business for four young lads.

64. But there is such a thing as the nervous, eager, joyous strength of success ; and if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Daft Sandy was laughing all the while,

65. "Rob, my man, what think you of the air bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell any one but yourself, Rob?"

66. Rob could not speak: he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. There was not a breath of wind; they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig.

67. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise. When they at length reached the quay, the people were all about. The lads were tired out, but there were ten crans of herring in that boat.

68. Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans, the *Mary of Argyle* had ten crans—as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

69. Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. Sometimes they had good luck and sometimes bad luck; but always they had the advantage of that additional means of discovering the whereabouts of the herring that had been imparted to them by Daft Sandy.

70. And the last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought outright the

Mary of Argyle and her nets from the banker; and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was to become a sort of general major-domo, — cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

I. **Trawl**: take fish with a trawl, or large bag net. **Cūd'dīe**: a Scotch name for the coalfish, or pollock. **Sēine**: a large fishing net. **Sāthe**: the pollock, or coalfish.

II. **Inspec'tion**: close examination. **Thōle pīn**: wooden or metal pins set in the side of a boat to support the oars in rowing. **Fār'thing**: a small copper coin of Great Britain, equal in value to half a cent.

III. **Sēeth'ing**: boiling; being in a state of violent commotion. **Thwarts**: seats in a boat reaching from one side to the other; that is, athwart it. **Crown**: an English silver coin worth about a dollar and twenty cents. **Dint**: a blow; the mark left by a blow; also, force or power, especially as in this phrase "by dint of."

IV. **Au dāc'ī tŷ**: daring; venturesomeness. **Daft**: foolish; insane. **Sta'tion a ry**: not moving; fixed. **Bē sōught'**: begged.

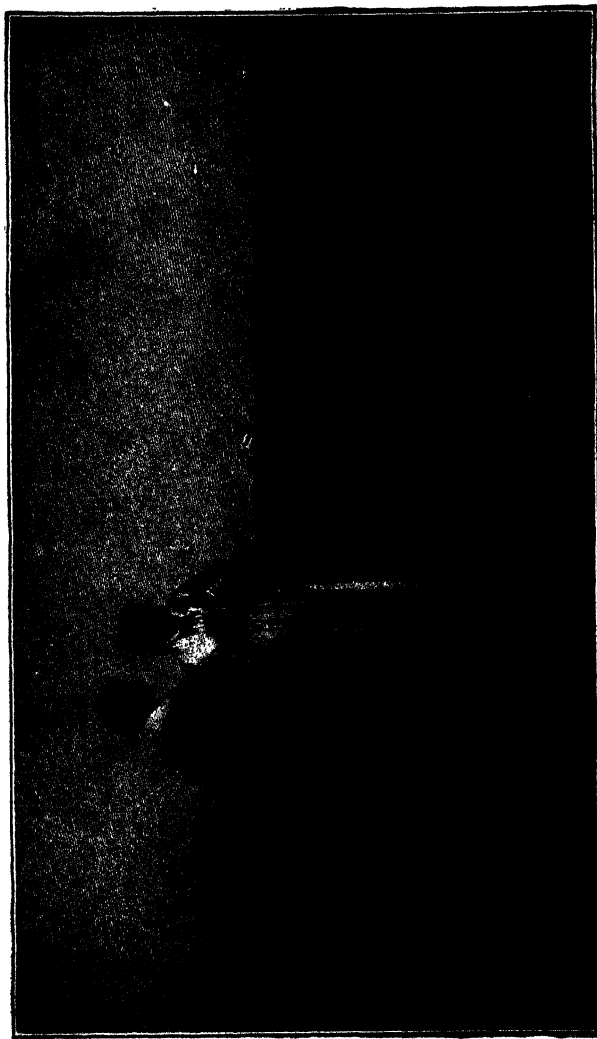
V. **Mī nūte'**: very small. **Fāth'oms**: the fathom is a measure of length, containing six feet, used chiefly in measuring cables and the depth of water. **Crān**: the cran is a Scotch measure for fresh herring, — as many as will fill a barrel. **Mā'jor-dō'mô**: a man employed to manage domestic affairs and to act within certain limits as master of the house.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835): An English poet. She began to write when a small child, and published many volumes of verse. Among her best-known poems are, — “The Voice of Spring,” “The Better Land,” “The Graves of a Household,” “The Treasures of the Deep,” and the following poem.

1. The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed;
2. And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o’er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
3. Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;
4. Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
5. Amidst the storm they sang;
 And the stars heard, and the sea;



From the painting by G. H. Boughton
The Return of the Mayflower

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6. The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home !

7. There were men with hoary hair,

Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

8. There was woman's fearless eye,

Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9. What sought they thus afar ?

Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

10. Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

Exiles: people who are sent away from home. **Moored**: fixed in place, as by an anchor. **Anthem**: a song or hymn. **Serenely**: calmly.

The Boston Massacre

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I

1. It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted.

2. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guardroom. Meanwhile, Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting before the hearth of the British Coffee House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand.

3. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

4. "Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say.

"Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

5. Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

6. At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others, who were younger and less prudent, remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

7. Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks

and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

II

8. Down toward the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel, he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

“Who goes there?” he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier’s challenge.

9. The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George’s name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute or perhaps a scuffle.

10. Other soldiers heard the noise and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street, by various avenues and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

11. The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months, now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder, it reached,

the ears of (Captain Preston,) the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

12. A gentleman—it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the (American artillery)—caught Captain Preston's arm.

“For Heaven's sake, sir,” exclaimed he, “take heed what you do or there will be bloodshed.”

“Stand aside!” answered Captain Preston, haughtily. “Do not interfere, sir! Leave me to manage the affair.”

13. Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

“Fire, you lobsterbacks!” bellowed some.

“You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!” cried others.

14. “Rush upon them!” shouted many voices. “Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!”

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

III

15. Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment, the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more.

16. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won in the old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet.

17. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still revered as a father.

18. But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

19. "Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted



The Boston massacre

the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!"

20. The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into

the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

21. A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain.

22. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

I. **Cá lăm' tĩ**: great misfortunes. **Prê sãn'tĩ ment**: foreboding; impression that something unpleasant is about to happen. **Bă'r'acks**: buildings in which soldiers are lodged.

II. **Pê'r'êmp tồ rỹ**: positive; commanding. **Henry Knox** (1750-1806): an American Revolutionary general. **Hạ'ng'h' tĩ lỹ**: proudly; in an overbearing manner. **Ấ't' tĩ tũ**: position.

III. **Pă'c'ĩ fi**: made to be at peace; calmed. **Rec on cĩ l' a'tion**: reunion; renewal of friendship. **Loy' al tỹ**: faithfulness, especially to one's king or government. **Dẽemed**: thought. **Măn' dâ**: order.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,

And dies among his worshippers. — BRYANT



Concord battleground and monument

Concord Hymn

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882): An American poet and essayist. Many of his essays were delivered as lectures. “In both poetry and prose he is the philosophic and religious teacher, the lover of nature, dwelling remote from human passion and human sorrow.” He wrote “Representative Men,” “English Traits,” “The Conduct of Life,” other lectures and essays, and a volume of poems.

This poem was written in 1836, and was sung at the completion of the Concord battle monument, April 19, 1836.

1. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

2. The foe long since in silence slept ;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.
3. On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone ;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.
4. Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ėm bāt'tled : arranged in order of battle ; prepared or armed for battle. **Vō'tive** : devoted ; given in fulfillment of a vow. **Rē dē'em'** : rescue ; buy back.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, the Colonies raised their flag against a power, to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

Eppie

BY GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot (1819-1880): The pen name of the great English novelist, Marian Evans Cross. In 1851 she went to London, and there became the center of a literary circle. She wrote "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," and other novels. Her pictures of middle-class life in England are hardly equaled in English literature.



George Eliot

A little girl had wandered away from her mother, who lay dead in the snow, and had come to the cottage of Silas Marner, a weaver, who lived by himself near a stone pit and who had recently been robbed of a large sum of money. The child entered the cottage and fell asleep on an old sack by the fire. Silas, meanwhile, while in the act of closing the door, had fallen into one of the unconscious fits to which he was subject, and knew nothing of his little visitant.

I

1. (When Marner recovered) he closed his door, unaware of any change except that the light had grown dim and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out.

2. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his (fireside chair,) and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

3. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away. He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the (restored treasure.) The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls.

4. In utter (amazement,) Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before

she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. Was it a dream?

5. He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up (more distinctly) the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

6 But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck and burst louder and louder into cries of “(Mammy.)” Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

7. He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar, stopped the cries of the (little one) and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth.

8. Presently she slipped from his knee and began

to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture (on the ground) and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her.

9. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet (boots) were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty.

II

10. Silas kept the little girl, and called her (Eppie, lavishing on her the affection he had formerly given only to his gold.

11. By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine (capacity for mischief) and for devising ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness.

12 For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a (broad belt round her waist,) and was long enough to allow of her reaching the low bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

13. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These (scissors) had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of the weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact.

14. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while (poor Silas) believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the stone pit.

15. Silas, shaken by fear, rushed out, calling, "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had

she been out? (There was one hope,)—that she had crept through the stile, and got into the fields where he usually took her to stroll.

16. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search. Poor Silas, after peering all round the hedge rows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see (Eppie behind every group of red sorrel,) and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

17. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of (olive-green mud.) A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

18. Silas, overcome with joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he (should punish Eppie) and “make her remember.” The idea that she might run away again and come



Here sat Eppie.

to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal hole—a small closet near the hearth.

19. “Naughty, (naughty Eppie,)’ he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes; “naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal hole.”

20. He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that (Eppie would begin to cry.) But instead of that she began to shake herself on his knee as if the plan opened a pleasing novelty. He put her in the coal hole and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

21. For a moment there was silence. Then came a little cry, “Open, open!” and Silas let her out again, saying, “Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal hole—a black, naughty place.”

The (weaving must stand still) a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

22. In half an hour she was clean again. Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with

the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, ‘(Eppie in de toal hole!)’

I. **Mys tē’ri ōus ly**: in a way difficult or impossible to understand. **Āg’i tāt ēd**: disturbed; excited. **Dis pērsē’**: drive away; scatter. **Īn ēx’pli cā ble**: that cannot be explained. **Īn’flūx**: a flowing in. **Un con’scious ly**: not purposely; without being aware of. **Pōs’tūre**: position. **Grīv’ance**: trouble; grief.

II. **D⁺ vis’ing**: planning; inventing. **Ēn grōssed’**: occupied wholly. **Req uis’ition**: requirement; need. **Dē scry’ing**: seeing; discovering. **Pēr tūrbēd’**: disturbed; troubled. **Ād hē’sive**: sticky.

Charles and Mary Lamb

1. Few brothers and sisters have been so closely united in joys and sorrows throughout a lifetime as Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775. Mary was eleven years his senior, but as children they began their literary studies by “browsing” together in an old library.

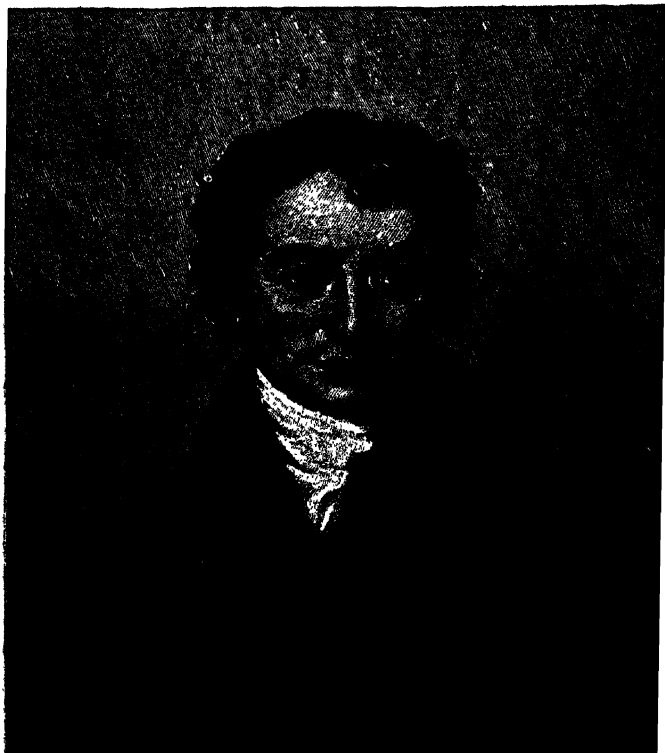
2. John Lamb, a poor clerk, would hardly have been able to give his son educational advantages had not it been for the help of a friend, who placed Charles in Christ Church School. This is a quaint old Lon-

ten school, founded by "that godly and royal child, King Edward VI." Lamb has left us in two charming papers his "Recollections" of his seven years there. The poet Coleridge was one of his schoolfellows, and the friendship then begun between him and Lamb lasted a lifetime.

3. As soon as Charles Lamb left school, the poverty of his family made it necessary for him to set to work to earn his daily bread. After holding a position in the South Sea House for a while, he obtained a place as clerk in the India House, and there he remained thirty-three years.

4. In 1796, a terrible calamity befell the family. In a sudden fit of insanity Mary Lamb stabbed her mother to the heart, and wounded her invalid father. She recovered from this attack, but she was always afterward subject to fits of insanity, becoming more frequent and more prolonged in the course of years. When these attacks were over, she was a charming woman, clever and amiable.

5. This sad event affected the whole life of Lamb. Whatever plans he might have formed for his individual happiness, were bravely and cheerfully given up, and the remainder of his life was devoted to the care of his afflicted sister. "Out of that misery and desolation," says one who knew them, "sprang that wonderful love between brother and sister which has no parallel in history."



Charles Lamb

6. Hard and dreary as was his daily life, Charles Lamb found time to read and reread the great English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His mind was so saturated with much reading of these old author that his style has a peculiar and subtle charm—the flavor of the writers who were his familiar friends

7. In the scanty leisure allowed him by his “drudgery at the desk’s dead wood,” he wrote criticisms and essays for various London periodicals. The best known of these are the “Essays of Elia,” characterized by quaint humor and tender pathos. The name signed, Elia, was the borrowed name of an Italian who had at one time been a fellow-clerk.

Mary Lamb, the “Cousin Bridget” of the essays, was her brother’s housekeeper. Their humble home was a favorite resort of many distinguished men.

8. Charles and Mary Lamb together wrote several books for children. One is a volume of “Poetry for Children,” from which “The Magpie’s Nest” is taken. Another is “Tales from Shakspeare,” consisting of twenty tales, founded upon as many different plays of Shakspeare. Fourteen were written by Mary, and the remaining six, the great tragedies, by Charles. The success of the “Tales” was decisive and immediate. It has kept its place as a classic all these years, and serves to-day as a most excellent introduction to the study of Shakspeare.

9. In a private letter to a friend, Mary Lamb wrote: "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at one table, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it."

10. In 1825, Charles Lamb retired from the India House, being allowed a liberal pension, and the ensuing years were spent in leisure hitherto denied him.

A slight accident brought on erysipelas, and "the gentle Elia," sinking rapidly, died in December, 1834. Mary survived her brother thirteen years, and was laid in the same grave with him in May, 1847.

Sāt'ārātēd: soaked. **Sūtlē**: artful and refined. **Ēry-sip'ēlas**: a disease of the skin.

The Magpie's Nest

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

1. When the arts in their infancy were,
In a fable of old 'tis expressed
A wise magpie constructed that rare
Little house for young birds, called a nest.
2. This was talked of the whole country round;
You might hear it on every bough sung;
"Now no longer upon the rough ground
Will fond mothers brood over their young:

3. "For the magpie with exquisite skill
Has invented a moss-covered cell
Within which a whole family will
In the utmost security dwell."
4. To her mate did each female bird say :
"Let us fly to the magpie, my dear ;
If she will but teach us the way,
A nest we will build us up here.
5. "It's a thing that's close arched overhead,
With a hole made to creep out and in ;
We, my bird, might make just such a bed
If we only knew how to begin."
6. To the magpie soon all the birds went,
And in modest terms made their request,
That she would be pleased to consent
To teach them to build up a nest.
7. She replied : "I will show you the way,
So observe everything that I do :
First, two sticks 'cross each other I lay —"
"To be sure," said the crow, "why I knew
8. "It must be begun with two sticks,
And I thought that they crossed should be."
Said the pie, "Then some straw and moss mix
In the way you now see done by me."

9. "Oh yes, certainly," said the jackdaw,
 "That must follow, of course, I have thought;
 Though I never before building saw,
 I guessed that, without being taught."
10. "More moss, more straw, and feathers, I place
 In this manner," continued the pie.
 "Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the case;
 Though no builder myself, so thought I."
11. Whatever she taught them beside,
 In his turn every bird of them said,
 Though the nest-making art he ne'er tried,
 He had just such a thought in his head.
12. Still the pie went on showing her art,
 Till a nest she had built up halfway;
 She no more of her skill would impart,
 But in her anger went fluttering away.
13. And this speech in their hearing she made,
 As she perched o'er their heads on a tree:
 "If ye all were well skilled in my trade,
 Pray, why came ye to learn it of me?"

Sè cū'ri t̃y: safety. **Pie**: magpie. **Im part'**: make known;
 share.

The Framework of the Body

I

1. If you were asked what your body is made of, probably you would say that it is made of flesh and bones and covered with skin. You also know something about the blood which flows through it, and that there is a very important part which we call the brain.

2. But the flesh and the bones make up the largest part of the body, and there is a good deal to be learned about them. You know the general appearance of both flesh and bone from the parts of animals which you see in the butcher's shop.

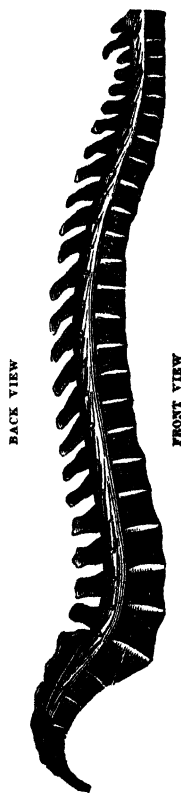
3. Bone is hard, and of a white color; indeed, it looks more like a piece of wood or stone than a part of a living animal. But bone is a real part of the living body, and it grows and is nourished just as the body is. If a man breaks the bone of his arm or his leg, it is firmly bound up, to prevent the broken parts from moving out of the proper place, and in time the bone grows together again and becomes quite strong.

4. The bones are fastened together by various kinds of joints. They form the framework of the body, and give it strength to retain its proper shape. This framework is called the skeleton. Some animals, such as worms and slugs, have no skeleton; and

others, such as shellfish, have a kind of hard covering or skeleton outside.

5. The most important part of the skeleton is the backbone. It is so important that naturalists divide all animals into two classes,—those which have a backbone and those which have none. All the higher animals, including man, have a backbone, or vertebral column as it is called. They are therefore called vertebrate animals. The others are called invertebrate animals.

6. The vertebral column, or backbone, is not really a bone at all. It is a pillar of small bones firmly bound together. If you string a number of spools upon a strong cord, and pull the cord tight, you will have a column somewhat like the vertebral column. It will bend slightly, as the backbone does; but, while you keep the string tight, it will be firm enough to stand upright.



The vertebral column

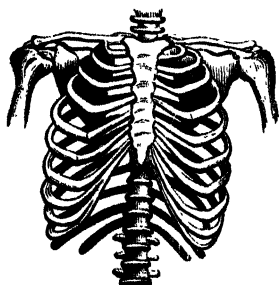
7. At the upper end of the backbone there is the skull. This is a hollow box or case made up of several pieces of bone fitting closely together. Inside

the skull is the brain, which is in many ways the most important organ of the body.

8. The nerves come from the brain, and it is by means of them that we feel and see and hear and taste; by means of them, also, that we move any part of our bodies as we wish. They are like living telegraph wires running all through the body.

9. From the lower part of the brain there is what we might call a living telegraph cable passing down through the backbone. This is the spinal cord, which gives off many branches, or nerves, as it passes downward. If the spinal cord is injured, either by disease or by some accident, all power of feeling or of movement in the lower part of the body

is lost. When this happens, we say that part of the body is paralyzed.



The ribs

10. There is another box or case of bones in front of the backbone. The ribs, which are joined to the backbone from behind and bend round toward the breastbone in

front, form a strong cage, inside of which are placed the heart and the lungs.

11. The heart is a kind of force pump which sends the blood through every part of the body. In the lungs the blood is made pure by mixing with the

oxygen of the air. These organs, like the brain and the spinal cord, are well protected by the strong bony framework which surrounds them.

II

12. Besides a head and a trunk, or body, the higher animals have four limbs. Birds have two wings and two legs, quadrupeds have four legs, and we have two legs and two arms. But in their framework these different kinds of limbs are very much alike.

13. The arm joins the body at the shoulder, and the shoulder itself is formed of two bones,—the collar bone in front and the shoulder blade behind. The collar bone does not go round the neck, as its name might lead you to think. It is nearly straight, and has one end joined to the top of the breast-bone, just below the throat, and the other end to the top of the shoulder.

14. The shoulder blade is a broad, flat bone, which rests on the ribs behind. Its outer corner meets the end of the collar bone and forms the top of the shoulder. The arm hangs from this corner of the shoulder blade, and is also joined to the collar bone. The collar bone gives the square shape to the shoulder when looked at from the front.

15. Between the shoulder and the elbow there is only one bone in the arm, but between the elbow and the wrist there are two. When you hold out

your arm and turn the palm of the hand first upward and then downward, you can feel those two bones twisting round each other.

16. The bones of the hand are arranged so as to give it great strength and yet allow very free movement. In the wrist there are eight small bones, set in two rows across. They are very firmly bound together, but their large number allows the wrist to bend much more freely than if there were only one or two.

17. Next come the bones of the hand itself. In the body or palm of the hand there are five long bones—one for each finger and one for the thumb. Then each of the fingers has three bones and the thumb has two. Thus we have as many as twenty-seven pieces in the framework of the hand and wrist alone.

18. At its lower end the backbone is fastened to a broad, strong mass of bone, to which the lower limbs are also joined. The bones of the leg and foot are very much like those of the arm and hand. They are larger and stronger, as they have the whole weight of the body to carry, and the joints do not move so easily.

19. The joints of the limbs are very beautifully formed. The bones are bound together by bands of a very strong substance, somewhat like the sinews which you find in meat. The ends of the bones

which rub against each other are very smooth and are covered with a substance called cartilage or gristle, which is much softer than the rest of the bone. There is a kind of oil which is made by the body itself at the places where it is needed, and some of this oil is constantly poured over the parts of the bone which touch each other.

20. These joints are thus like the hinges we make for ourselves: the parts are firmly joined, quite smooth, and well oiled, so that they move easily. Indeed, they are so like hinges that we call many of them hinge joints. The elbow joint is a hinge joint.

21. The shoulder joint is of a different kind. The top of the upper arm bone is round like a ball, and it moves in a shallow cup or socket in the end of the shoulder blade. Thus you can swing your arm round in a circle, and move it up and down or from back to front. This kind of joint is called a ball and socket joint.

III

22. You have now some idea of the framework of the body. As long as it is living, the body is always moving. Motion never ceases: sometimes there is motion from place to place, or locomotion; sometimes there are the voluntary movements which we make when we are writing or speaking or eat-

ing. All our life long, even while we are asleep, there are involuntary movements going on, such as those of the chest in breathing, and of the heart in keeping the blood flowing through the body.

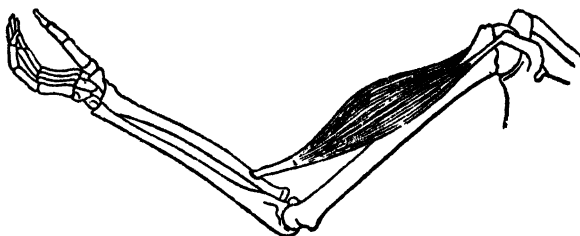
23. The bones themselves are hard like a piece of wood, and have no power of moving. How, then, are all those movements caused? If you were to make a framework like that of the arm by joining pieces of wood together with hinges, how could you make these pieces of wood move as the arm moves?

24. The best way would be to have strings fixed to the various pieces of your model, so that when you pulled one string, it bent the joint, and when you pulled another, it extended it again. This is exactly the way in which we move our limbs; there are strings which are fixed to the bones to pull them up or down as we wish.

25. But how are the strings pulled, and who pulls them? This is the strangest part of all, and shows how different a living being is from any model or machine which man can make. The strings are living strings, and they pull themselves whenever we, who live in these wonderful houses, wish them to do so.

26. The strings are the muscles and sinews. Muscle is another name for the red flesh which is covered by the skin. Now look at this picture of the arm and one of its muscles. At the lower end is a strong

sinew fastened to the bone of the forearm, a little below the elbow joint, and at the upper end are two sinews which pass over the top of the shoulder to the shoulder blade. But in the middle there is a



Raising the forearm

thick mass of flesh lying along the upper arm bone. You can feel this by laying your hand on your own arm.

27. Keep your hand there as you bend your arm, and notice what happens. You feel this lump of flesh getting harder and thicker in the middle, while at the same time it gets shorter. This is the whole secret of all the hundreds of movements in our bodies. The middle of the string of muscle gets shorter and thicker, and so the two ends are pulled closer together.

28. When you extend your arm again, another muscle must do the work. A muscle which lies along the back of the arm pulls in the opposite direction, while the first becomes soft and loose again. One muscle can pull only in one direction,

and so the muscles are usually in pairs, — one for bending the joint, and one for extending it again.

29. What makes the muscle act this way? Some strange kind of telegraph message comes from the brain through those nerves of which we spoke, and causes the muscle to act.

30. Every time a muscle acts, it loses a little of its substance, and so it wastes away gradually. But the blood is constantly carrying a supply of new material from the food we eat, and thus the muscle is repaired as quickly as it is wasted.

31. The, more frequently the substance of our muscles is wasted away and renewed in this way, the stronger and firmer they become. This is the reason why plenty of exercise or hard work makes our muscles firm and strong, while a life of laziness tends to keep them weak.

IV

32. Young people generally know more about the skin of the body than they do about the flesh or the bones. It is easier to know about the outside of things than about the inside. Snakes and toads and some other animals change their skins every year. Perhaps you are not aware that we also change our skins.

33. We do not draw off the old skin as the snake does, like a glove or a stocking, and find a soft, new

one underneath ; we are 'constantly changing' it, little by little, every day. The old skin comes off in very small, flat scales, like fine white dust, and the new skin is constantly growing from beneath. This is one of the reasons why daily washing, and 'frequent' change of underclothing, are necessary.

34. The outer layer of the skin, from which these scales come, is called the epidermis. It can stand a good deal of rough treatment without bleeding, or feeling painful. But if this outer layer happens to be taken away by a scratch, or a blister, you find that the lower skin bleeds freely, showing that it is full of blood vessels, and is painful when touched, showing that it is full of nerves.

35. These nerves give us the sense of touch or feeling, but they need the rough upper skin to keep them from injury. On the tips of the fingers, where we have a keen sense of touch, the nerves are very numerous. They rise in little mounds and ridges, so as to be near the surface and to give greater fineness of touch.

36. There is a very curious fact about these little ridges which you see curving round and round on the tips of your fingers and thumbs. They are never exactly alike in any two persons, and they never change their form from year to year. Thus no two persons' fingers can make marks of the same shape on a piece of soft wax.

37. Now, when a person is accused of a crime, it is sometimes very important to know whether it is the same person who was formerly punished for another crime. Accordingly, the police in some places keep copies of the finger prints of all convicts. It is found that these finger prints are a surer way of knowing a person again than a photograph is. The face changes more than the fingers do.

38. One use of the skin is to protect the tender parts underneath—the veins and small blood-vessels, and the nerves or living telegraph wires. And in the lower animals, in order to give the better protection, the skin is sometimes covered over with such substances as shells, scales, hair, wool, feathers, nails, claws, horns, and the like, which are all different forms of the outer layer of the skin.

39. If a part of the body, such as the arm, be inclosed in a loose india rubber bag full of fresh air and kept in it for some time, the air in the bag is found to be changed. It contains the same impurities as the air which we breathe out from the lungs. This shows us that the skin is really one of our breathing organs.

40. This breathing, as well as the passage of the perspiration, takes place through very fine spiral tubes or pores of the skin. On the palm of the hand there are nearly three thousand pores in every square inch of skin, and it has been found that the

whole length of these tubes in a single body would be about thirty miles !

41. Such facts as these may help you to see that the skin is a very important part of the body. And it is the part which we can do most to help in its work, as it is not covered up from us. The help we can give it is chiefly by keeping it clean and vigorous, and protecting it from cold when necessary.

I. **Rě tā/n'**: keep.

III. **Völ'ün tā rŷ**: controlled by the will. **Īn völ'ün tā rŷ**: not under the control of the will. **Ėxtěnd'**: stretch out.

The Bugle Song

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892): One of the most popular of English poets. His greatest work is "In Memoriam," written in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. He wrote "The Idylls of the King," "The Princess," "Maud," several dramas, and many shorter poems.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 , The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Scar : a steep, rocky place ; a bare place on the side of a mountain.

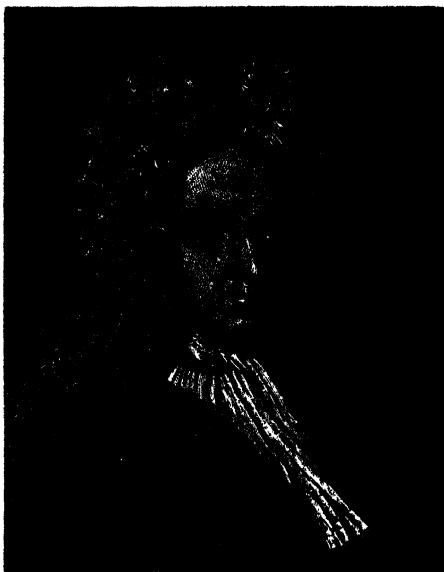
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
 known.

— BYRON

Robinson Crusoe Gets Supplies from the Wreck

BY DANIEL DEFoe

Daniel DeFoe (1660?–1731): An English author. His masterpiece is "Robinson Crusoe," from which this selection is taken. The story of "Robinson Crusoe," suggested by the experiences of a sailor named Alexander Selkirk, narrates the adventures of a man shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. DeFoe wrote "A History of the Plague" and many other books.



Daniel DeFoe

I

1. When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear and the storm abated. That which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and

the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

2. When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and the sea had tossed her up, upon the land, about two miles on my right hand.

3. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her; but found a neck, or inlet, of water, between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

4. A little after noon, I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship: and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw, evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had all been safe; that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was.

5. This forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty

was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

6. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship.

7. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water.

8. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free: and, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

9. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or

three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away.

10. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light; so I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion. \

11. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this.

12. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled

with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goats' flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we had brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

13. The tide had now begun to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them.

14. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-lading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

15. My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured

first, with some powder horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms.

II

16. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have upset all my navigation.

17. I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; secondly, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; thirdly, what little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an ax, and a hammer; and with this cargo I put to sea.

18. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might make use of as a port to land with my cargo.



My raft went very well.

19. As I imagined, so it was : there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think it verily would have broken my heart ; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

20. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength ; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

21. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off, with the oar I had, into the channel ; and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could. A.

22. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in; but here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again.

23. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end: and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

24. My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I yet knew not;

whether on the continent, or on an island ; whether inhabited, or not inhabited ; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. }

✓ 25. I took out one of the fowling pieces and one of the pistols and a horn of powder ; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill ; where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got up to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island, environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

26. I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none ; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds ; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not.

27. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls

of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion and fit for nothing.



Orasoe exploring his island

28. Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day: what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me; though, as I afterward found, there was really no need for those fears.

29. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

III

30. I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, till I got everything out of the ship that I could get.

31. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable: so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

32. I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags of nails and spikes, a great screw jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone.

33. All these I secured together, with several things belonging to the gunner; particularly, two

or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead ; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding ; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

34. I was under some apprehensions lest, during my absence from the land, my provisions might be devoured on shore ; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor ; only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me.

35. I presented my gun to her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away, upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though I was not very free of it, for my store was not great ; however, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more ; but I thanked her, and could spare no more : so she ~~marched~~ off.

36. Having got my second cargo on shore, — though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail and some poles, which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast.

37. When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

38. I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as

I could, as also all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder.¹

39. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last; only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

40. But that which comforted me still more was, that, last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with: I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

IV

41. The next day I made another voyage, and now having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables, and cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could get; and having cut down the

spritsailyard and the mizzenyard, and everything I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods and came away.

42. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy and so overladen that after I was entered the little cove, where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water; as for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me.

43. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I was fain to dip for it into the water—a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

44. I had been now thirteen days ashore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but preparing, the twelfth time, to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, at low water, I went on board.

45. Though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

46. I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: "O drug!" I exclaimed, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap: I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving."

47. However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore.

48. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, or otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel

which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

49. But I was got home to my little tent, where I lay, with my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz., that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her, that could be useful to me, and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time;

I. **Būb sīst'ence**: means of support; livelihood. **Appli ca'tion**. earnest effort; close attention. **Yārdz**: long pieces of timber tapering toward the ends, used to support sails. **Spār**: a general term for any round piece of timber used as a mast, yard, etc. **Rūm'māg ing**: searching closely.

II. **Vār'ilŷ**: certainly; in fact. **Dārst**: dared. **Habita'tion**: dwelling. **En vi'rōned**: surrounded. **Bār ri oā'dōed**: defended with a barrier.

III. **Māg ā zine'**: a storehouse; the word is here used for the things kept in the storehouse. **Māg'ging**: the ropes, etc., which support the masts of a ship and serve to manage the sails. **Ūn wīld'ŷ**: unmanageable; not easily managed or carried. **Screw jāk**: a jackscrew; a machine for lifting heavy

weights by means of a screw. **Fowl'ing piēce**: a light gun used in killing birds and other small game.

IV. **Pōrt'ā ble**: that can be carried. **Sprit'sā'l**: a sail extended by a sprit or small pole. **Miz'zen**: the hindmost sail of a three-masted ship. **Pieces of eight**: Spanish coins of about the value of a dollar. —

The Tiger

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

William Blake (1757–1827): An English painter, engraver, and poet. He was the son of a poor hosier, and his education seems to have been entirely self-acquired. His poems were written and illustrated in color entirely by his own hand. “Songs of Innocence” and “Songs of Experience” include the most popular of his beautiful imaginative poems.

1. Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
2. In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
3. And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

4. What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
5. When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered Heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?
6. Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Īm mōr'tal: undying. **Sŷm'mè trŷ**: beautiful proportion;
the due relation of the parts to the whole.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man:
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

— WORDSWORTH

The Battles of Crécy and Poitiers

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens (1812–1870): An English novelist. The fame which he won by his first works, "Sketches by Boz" and "Pickwick Papers," was increased by his later novels, "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and others. This description of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers is from his "Child's History of England," which is a great favorite with young people.

I

1. It was in the month of July, in the year 1346, when Edward, the King of England, embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy; and, burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, advanced up the left bank of the river Seine and fired the small towns even close to Paris.

2. But, being watched from the right bank of the river by the French king and all his army, it came to this at last—that Edward found himself on Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346, on a rising ground behind the little French village of Crécy, face to face with the French king's forces. And, although the French king had an enormous army,—in number more than eight times his,—he there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

3. The young prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great earls led the second; and the king the third. When the morning dawned, the king heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

4. Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunderstorm accompanied with tremendous rain; the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A certain captain in the French army advised the French king, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow.

5. The king, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But, those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on. The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what

he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

6. Now their king relied strongly upon a great body of crossbowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin the battle, on finding that he could not stop it. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but the English would have heard them shout three thousand times and would have never moved.

7. At last the crossbowmen went forward a little and began to discharge their bolts; upon which the English let fly such a hail of arrows that the Genoese speedily made off; for their crossbows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle and consequently took time to reload. The English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

8. When the French king saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile, the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights.

9. The prince and his division were at this time so hard pressed that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the king, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid.

10. "Is my son killed?" said the king.

"No, sire, please God," returned the messenger.

"Is he wounded?" said the king.

"No, sire."

"Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king.

"No, sire, not so; but he is very hard pressed."

11 "Then," said the king, "go back to those who sent you and tell them I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God, that the honor of a great victory shall be his."

12. These bold words, being reported to the prince and his division, so raised their spirits that they fought better than ever. The King of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use.

13. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the knights and nobles who had clustered about him early in the day were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining followers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire of himself, and they journeyed away to Amiens.

14. The victorious English, lighting their watch fires, made merry on the field, and the king, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown.

15. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory he had gained; but next day it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common men lay dead upon the French side.

16. Among these was the King of Bohemia, an old blind man, who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore as his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich dien," signifying in English "I serve." This crest and motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

II

17. Five days after this great battle, the king laid siege to Calais. This siege — ever afterward memorable — lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung around the first.

18. The garrison were so hard pressed at last that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that

they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place ; and that, if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief ; but they were so hemmed in by the English power that he could not succeed and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered to King Edward.

19. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here six of the most distinguished citizens, barelegged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks ; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

20. When the governor of Calais related this to the people of the market place, there was great weeping and distress ; in the midst of which one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be ; therefore, he offered himself as the first.

21. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens offered themselves to save the rest. The governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

22. Edward received them wrathfully and ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. However, the good queen fell upon her knees and besought the king to give them up to her.

The king replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you."

23. So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth afterward, for her gentle mother's sake.

III

24. After eight years the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the color of the armor he wore to set off his fair complexion, continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition.

25. So cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French peasants suffered, that he could not find one who for love or money or the fear of death would tell him what the French king was doing or where he was. ~~Thus~~

it happened that he came upon the French king's forces all of a sudden, near the town of Poitiers, and found that the whole neighboring country was occupied by a vast French army.

26. "God help us!" said the Black Prince; "we must make the best of it."

So, on a Sunday morning, the 18th of September, the prince — whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all — prepared to give battle to the French king, who had sixty thousand horse alone.

27. While he was so engaged, there came riding from the French camp a cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms and try to save the shedding of Christian blood.

"Save my honor," said the prince to this good priest, "and save the honor of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms."

28. He offered to give up all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years.

But, as John would hear of nothing but his surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off and the prince said quietly, "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow."

29. Therefore, on Monday morning at break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be

approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane, but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedges that they were forced to retreat. Then went six hundred English bowmen round about, and coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast.

30 The French knights, thrown into confusion, quitted their banners and dispersed in all directions.

Said Sir John Chandos to the prince: "Ride forward, noble prince, and the day is yours. The King of France is so valiant a gentleman that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner."

31. Said the prince to this, "Advance, English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French king fighting fiercely with his battle-ax; and when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by his youngest son, Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well, and the king had already two wounds in his face and had been beaten down when he at last delivered himself to a banished French knight and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

32. The Black Prince was generous as well as brave, and he invited his royal prisoner to supper in his tent and waited upon him at table, and, when they afterward rode into London in a gorgeous pro-



Father and son fought well.

cession, mounted the French king on a fine cream-colored horse and rode at his side on a little pony. This was all very kind, but I think it was perhaps a little theatrical, too, and has been made more meritorious than it deserved to be; especially as I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness to the King of France would have been not to have shown him to the people at all.

38. However, it must be said for these acts of politeness that, in course of time, they did much to soften the horrors of war and the passions of conquerors. It was a long, long time before the common soldiers began to have the benefit of such courtly deeds; but they did at last; and thus it is possible that a poor soldier who asked for quarter at the battle of Waterloo, or any other such great fight, may have owed his life indirectly to Edward, the Black Prince.

I. **La Hogue.** Crécy (Crēs'sī). **Ênôr'môis**: very large. **War'wick.** Sire: lord or master; a title of respect in addressing a king. **Ä mī ens** (äng). **Sīg'nī fŷ Ing**: meaning.

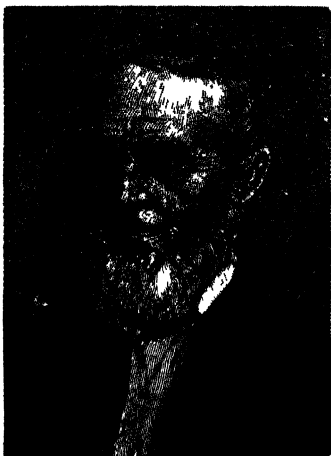
II. **Câl'aïs.**

III. **Poitiers** (Pwâ tī ä'). **St. George**: the patron saint of England. **Gôr'geôis**: fine; magnificent. **Mēr i tō'rī ôis**: possessing merit. **Cōurt'lŷ**: polite; elegant. **Wä'tēr lōō**: a great battle fought in 1815, in which the French were defeated by the allied forces of English and Prussians.

The Snowstorm

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892): An American poet. The scenes and people which surrounded his childhood are described in "Snow-bound," from which this selection is taken. Whittier is sometimes called "The Poet of New England," because, better than any other writer, he pictures the scenes, life, and people of New England. Many of his shorter poems, such as "Maud Muller," "In School Days," and "The Barefoot Boy," are very popular.



John Greenleaf Whittier

1. The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snowstorm told.
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

2. Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
 Brought in the wood from out of doors,
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows
 Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
 Impatient down the stanchion rows
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;
 While, peering from his early perch
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
 The cock his crested helmet bent
 And down his querulous challenge sent.
 > Unwarmed by any sunset light,
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm,
 And whirl dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag wavering to and fro
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
 And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window frame,

And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

3. So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow !
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corner-crib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat ;
The well curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

Ōm'ī notis: foreshadowing good or evil, usually evil. **Pōr tōnt'**: a sign, especially of evil. **Rhŷthm**: measured beat; movement in musical time. **Chōres**: the regular light work of a household or farm. **Hērd's grass**: a kind of grass much used for hay. **Stan'chion**: a bar for confining cattle in a stall. **Hēl'mēt**: a defensive covering for the head. The helmet was often adorned with a crest—a plume of feathers or other decoration—to show the rank of the wearer. **Quēr'ū loūs**: expressing complaint. **Hōa'ŷ**: white, usually with age. **Spher'ule**: a little sphere. **Gē ō mēt'ric**: according to geometry, the branch of mathematics which treats of solids, surfaces, lines, and angles. **Pēl'li cle**: thin film or skin. **Chinese roof**: a high, peaked roof. **Ā lōōf'**: away; at a distance. **Pī'sā**: a city of Italy. **Pisa's leaning miracle**: the famous leaning tower of Pisa.

Ball Bearings

1. My attention was first directed to the subject when my brother James, coming home one day after a long spin, complained loudly that some one had been tampering with his bicycle. Finding it harder work than usual, he had got off to look at the bearings, and found that several of the balls were missing. It struck me as wonderful that so much extra work—and so much bad temper—should depend on a few small balls, and I was interested enough to study the subject.

2. Of course it is a question of friction. What is that, you say? Well, the word really means “rubbing,” but a scientific man using it means the resist-

ance which is met by any surface in moving over another surface.

3. If you try to draw a heavy box along the ground by means of a rope, you will find it very hard work because the bottom of the box is pressed down against the ground, and the roughness of both surfaces causes resistance to movement.

4. That tells why carts and carriages and railway engines have wheels. The wheels bear the weight of the load above them, and a comparatively slight force is sufficient to move them; and when they move the friction between the rolling wheels and the ground is much less than would be the friction if the cart, carriage, or engine were dragged stiffly along the ground.

In other words, rolling friction is always very much less than sliding friction. }

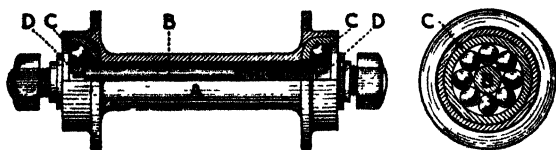
5. That explains the use of the skid in going down the hill. The carter stops by means of it the rolling of his wheel, and thus by increasing the friction he lessens the speed of his descent.

6. What about the bicycle, then? Well, you must have noticed that all wheeled vehicles have an axle or two, and that the axle passes through the round hole at the hub or center of the wheel. The place where the axle bears upon the hub of the wheel is called the bearing.

7. Now, in ordinary carriages the bearing is a

plain bearing; that is, the axle remains still while the wheel revolves directly on it. The parts are made very smooth and are kept oiled, in order to lessen the friction.

8. But in order to lessen still more the friction in the bicycle, ball bearings are employed. Look at the accompanying section of a bicycle wheel bearing.



A is the hub of the wheel, which revolves on the axle, B; but it does not run directly on it. At each end of the hub there is a concave surface, C, called a cup, and at each end of the axle a convex surface, D, called a cone. These are both ground perfectly smooth and true, and in the hollow between them is a ring of smooth steel balls encircling the axle.

9. Now you see what happens. When the wheel turns, the hub turns on the balls. These in their turn roll round in the same direction with the same speed, and thus the hub, instead of sliding stiffly round on the axle, is itself as it were going on wheels.

10. That this device very much reduces the friction you can easily prove for yourself. Try to push a

heavy box along the floor; with all your straining you can hardly move it.

11. Now take a handful of marbles, put them in three lines on the ground, and let the box lie evenly upon them. You can now move it with a touch. It is just the same with a ball bearing, except that the balls there are shut up in a cup and cannot escape as the marbles can slip away from under the box, and that the hub rolls, while the box slides.

12. I had hitherto thought that bicycling was as hard work as walking; but, when I found how ingeniously the makers have reduced the friction and consequently the labor of riding, I made up my mind to do most of my walking on wheels.

Tám'pēr Ing: meddling; trying little experiments with.
Skid: an iron clog or hook fastened to a chain and placed under a wagon wheel to keep it from turning when going down a steep hill. **Cōn'cāve**: hollow and rounded, — said of the inside of a curved surface or line, in opposition to *convex*.
Cōn'vex: rising into a rounded form; said of a curved surface or line when viewed from without, in opposition to *concave*.
Dē vice': contrivance; plan.

A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

—FRANKLIN

The Irish Widow's Message to her Son in America

BY ELLEN FORRESTER

1. "Remember, Dennis, all I bade you say,
 Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord,
 But of our troubles since he went away,
 You'll mind, avick, and never say a word, —
 Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
 The finest summer isn't always fair.
2. "Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May —
 She died, poor thing! but that you needn't
 mind —
 Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
 But tell him God to us was always kind;
 And when the fever spread the country o'er,
 His mercy kept the sickness from the door.
3. "Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came,
 And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn;
 'Twould be as well to mention them by name, —
 Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCarn,
 And big Tim Daly from behind the hill, —
 But say, agra! oh, say I missed him still!
4. "They came with ready hands our toil to share,
 'Twas then I missed him most, my own right
 hand!
 I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
 The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.

Strong arm! brave heart! oh, severed far from
me

By many a weary mile of shore and sea!

5. "You'll tell him she was with us (he'll know
who),

Mavourneen! hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
That ever shone except in summer skies;
And such black hair! — it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled o'er a neck so fair.

6. "Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
Ah, poor old fellow, he had like to die!
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the
way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him
by.
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

7. "Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things grow dim before my failing
sight;
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every
one.

8. "Give him my blessing; morning, noon, and night,
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
 That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
 And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
 True to his name, his country, and his God,
 Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

Á vick': my dear. **Hóif'ér**: a young cow. **Á grá'**: an Irish term of endearment. **Sév'èred**: separated. **Ma vou'r'nēn**: my darling.

The Larch and the Oak

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

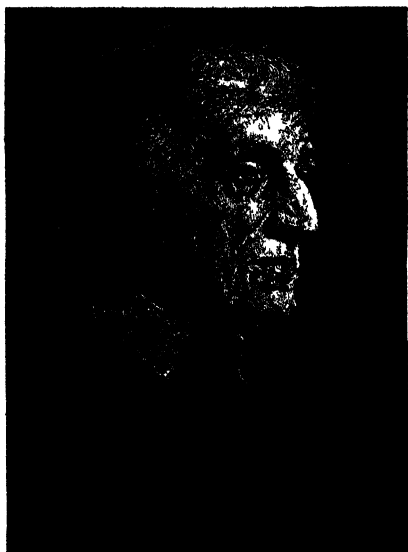
1. "What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely so many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe."

2. "And thy duration." answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas."

Self-Control

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (CARDINAL NEWMAN)

John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890): An English theologian and author. He left the Church of England and connected himself with the Roman Catholic Church, in which he was made cardinal in 1879. He was the author of many sermons and religious works. He wrote a number of poems, among which are the well-known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "The Dream of Gerontius."



Cardinal Newman

1. Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.
2. But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

3. Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Lux ū'ri oīs: given to the pleasure of the senses; indulging in unrestrained delight and freedom. **Trāns'pōrts**: great delights.

Caleb and Bertha

BY CHARLES DICKENS

I

1. Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, as the storybooks say, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house. The house of Gruff and Tackleton was the great feature of the street; but you might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart.

2. I have said that Caleb and his poor blind daughter lived here; but I should have said Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else, in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not and trouble never entered.

3. Caleb was no sorcerer, but in the only magic art that still remains to us — the magic of devoted,

deathless love. Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching all the wonder came.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discolored; walls blotched, and bare of plaster here and there; high crevices unstopped and widening every day. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; the very size and shape and true proportion of the dwelling withering away.

4. The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of delft and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested; never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton in short; but lived in the belief that he was a man who loved to have his jest with them; and, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

5. And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father! When the motherless blind child was very young, the thought came to him that even her great deprivation might be almost changed into a blessing, and the girl made happy by these little means..

6. Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange

place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls of all stations in life. Country houses for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate.

7. There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in anyhow at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass.

8. There were scores of melancholy little carts which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns.

There were beasts of all sorts: horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle.

9. In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work,—the blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker; and Caleb painting and glazing the front of a desirable family mansion.

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner,—which would have sat well on some student,—were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation.

10. "So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful, new greatcoat," said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat," answered Caleb, glancing toward a clothesline in the room on which his sackcloth garment was carefully hung up to dry.

11. "How glad I am you bought it, father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work and laughed with delight: "Too good, father? What can be too good for you?"

Happy blind girl! How merry she was!

12. "I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands; "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat —"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

13. "Yes, yes! Bright blue!" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the color I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat —"

14. "Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes, loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome!"

15. "Holloa! holloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain presently."

"I think you are already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him, in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

16. How different the picture in her mind from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years ~~and~~ years he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous.

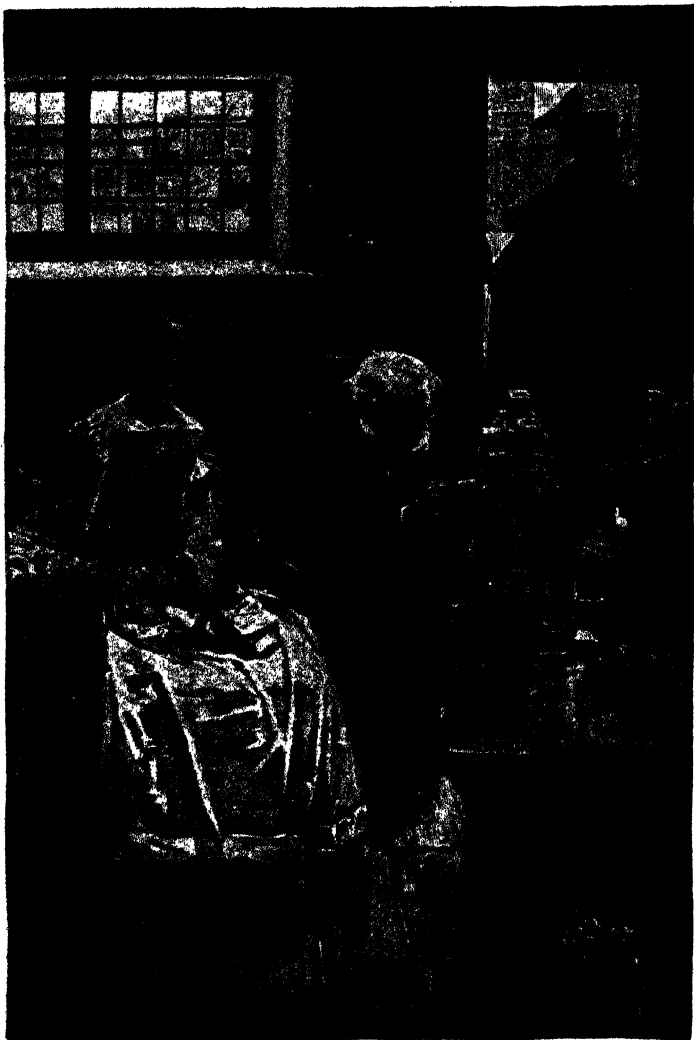
II

17. "There we are," said Caleb, falling back a pace or two to form the better judgment of his work. "What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once! If there were only a staircase in it now and regular doors to the rooms to go in at!"

18. Caleb began to hum a fragment of a song. "What! you are singing, are you?" said Tackleton, putting his head in at the door. "Go it! I can't sing."

No one would have suspected him of it. He hadn't what is generally termed a singing face, by any means.

"I can't afford to sing," said Tackleton. "I'm glad you can. I hope you can afford to work, too. Hardly time for both, I should think!"



"You are singing, are you?" said Tackleton.

19. "If you could only see him, Bertha, how he's winking at me!" whispered Caleb. "Such a man to joke! You'd think, if you didn't know him, he was in earnest, wouldn't you, now?"

The blind girl smiled and nodded.

20. "The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing, they say," grumbled Tackleton. "What about the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing? Is there anything that he should be made to do?"

21. "The extent to which he's winking at this moment!" whispered Caleb to his daughter. "Oh, my gracious!"

"Always merry and light-hearted with us!" cried the smiling Bertha.

22. "Oh, you are there, are you? and being there — how are you?" said Tackleton.

"Oh! well; quite well. And as happy as even you could wish me to be. As happy as you would make the whole world if you could!"

23. "Bertha!" said Tackleton, assuming a little cordiality. "Come here."

"Oh, I can come straight to you. You needn't guide me!" she rejoined.

24. "Shall I tell you a secret, Bertha?"

"If you will!" she answered eagerly.

How bright the darkened face! How adorned with light, the listening head!

25. "This is the day on which little what's-her-name, Peerybingle's wife, pays her regular visit to you — makes her fantastic picnic here, isn't it?" said Tackleton, with a strong expression of distaste for the whole concern.

"Yes," replied Bertha. "This is the day."

26. "I thought so!" said Tackleton. "I should like to join the party."

"Do you hear that, father?" cried the blind girl, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, I hear it," murmured Caleb, with the fixed look of a sleepwalker; "but I do not believe it. It's one of my lies, I've no doubt."

27. "You see, I — I want to bring the Peerybingles a little more into company with May Fielding," said Tackleton. "I am going to be married to May."

"Married!" cried the blind girl, starting from him.

28. "She's such an idiot," muttered Tackleton, "that I was afraid she'd never comprehend me. Ah, Bertha, married! Church, parson, clerk, bell, breakfast, bride-cake, favors, and all the rest. A wedding, you know; a wedding. Don't you know what a wedding is?"

"I know," replied the blind girl, in a gentle tone "I understand."

29. "Do you?" muttered Tackleton. "It's more than I expected. Well, on that account, I want to join the party and to bring May and her mother. I'll send in a little something or other before the

afternoon. A cold leg of mutton, or some comfortable trifle of that sort. You'll expect me?"

"Yes," she answered.

30. She had drooped her head and turned away, and so stood, with her hands crossed, musing.

"I don't think you will," muttered Tackleton, looking at her; "for you seem to have forgotten all about it already. Caleb!"

31. "I may venture to say I'm here, I suppose," thought Caleb. "Sir!"

"Take care she doesn't forget what I've been saying to her."

"She never forgets," returned Caleb. "It's one of the few things she isn't clever in."

32. "Every man thinks his own geese swans," observed the toy merchant, with a shrug. Having delivered himself of which remark he withdrew.

Bertha remained where he had left her, lost in meditation.

33. It was not until Caleb had been occupied some time in yoking a team of horses to a wagon by the simple process of nailing the harness to their bodies, that she drew near to his working stool, and, sitting down beside him, said:—

"Father, I'm lonely in the dark. I want my eyes: my patient, willing eyes."

34. "Here they are," said Caleb. "Always ready. They are more yours than mine, Bertha, any hour in

the four and twenty. What shall your eyes do for you, dear?"

35. "Look round the room, father."

"All right," said Caleb. "No sooner said than done, Bertha."

"Tell me about it."

36. "It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colors on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerfulness and neatness of the building make it very pretty."

37. Cheerful and neat it was, wherever Bertha's hands could busy themselves. But nowhere else were cheerfulness and neatness possible, in the crazy old shed, which Caleb's fancy so transformed.

"You have your working dress on, and are not so fine as when you wear the handsome coat?" said Bertha, touching him.

"Not quite so fine," answered Caleb. "Pretty brisk, though."

38. "Father," said the blind girl, drawing close to his side, and stealing one arm round his neck, "tell me something about May. She is very fair."

"She is, indeed," said Caleb. And she was, indeed. It was quite a rare thing to Caleb not to have to draw on his invention.

39. "Her hair is dark," said Bertha, "darker

than mine. Her voice is sweet and musical, I know. I have often loved to hear it. Her shape—”

“There’s not a doll’s in all the room to equal it,” said Caleb.

40. “Our friend, father; our benefactor. I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him. Now was I ever?” she said hastily.

“Of course not,” answered Caleb. “And with reason.”

41. “Ah, with how much reason!” cried the blind girl, with such fervency that Caleb could not endure to meet her face; but dropped his eyes, as if she could have read in them his innocent deceit.

42. “Then tell me again about him, dear father!” said Bertha. “Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure, it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favors with a show of roughness and unwillingness beats in its every look and glance.”

43. “And makes it noble,” added Caleb, in his quiet desperation.

“And makes it noble!” cried the blind girl.

* * * * *

III

44. “I have been thinking of what I have done,” said Caleb to Mary; “I have been blaming myself till I hardly knew what to do or where to turn, and I’ve come to the conclusion that I’d better tell her

the truth. You will stay with me the while?" he inquired, trembling from head to foot.

45. "I don't know what effect it may have upon her; I don't know what she'll think of me; I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterward. But it's best for her that she should be undeceived; and I must bear the consequences as I deserve."

46. "Mary," said Bertha, "where is your hand? Ah, here it is! here it is!" pressing it to her lips with a smile, and drawing it through her arm. Her father went on one side of her, while Mary remained upon the other, holding her hand.

47. "Bertha, my dear," said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly! I have a confession to make to you, my darling."

"A confession, father?"

48. "I have wandered from the truth and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you, and have been cruel."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him, and repeated, "'Cruel'!"

49. "He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Mary. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

50. "Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him still; but drew back and clung closer to her friend.

51. "Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you,—God forgive me!—and surrounded you with fancies."

52. "But living people are not fancies!" she said hurriedly, and turning very pale and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"I have done so, Bertha," pleaded Caleb. "Tackleton is a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks and in his nature. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

53. "Oh, why," cried the blind girl, "why did you ever do this! Why did you ever fill my heart so

full, and then come in like Death and tear away the objects of my love! Oh! Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow.

54. "Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is, — what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Mary continued, in a low, clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

55. The blind girl spread her hands before her face. "Dear Mary, a moment. One moment! Speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

56. "No, I am sure you would not. You have too much pity for me. Mary, look where my father is — my father, so compassionate and loving to me — and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Mary, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand. As if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

57. "Yes, yes. She will. Go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see

him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But, Bertha, I have seen him many times before, and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. And I honor his gray head, and bless him!"

58. The blind girl broke away from her, and, throwing herself on her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

"It is my sight restored. It is my sight!" she cried. "I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died and never truly seen the father, who has been so loving to me!"

There were no words for Caleb's emotion.

59. "There is not a gallant figure on this earth," exclaimed the blind girl, holding him in her embrace, "that I would love so dearly, and would cherish so devotedly, as this! The grayer and more worn, the dearer, father! Never let them say I am blind again. There's not a furrow in his face, there's not a hair upon his head, that shall be forgotten in my prayers and thanks to heaven!"

Caleb managed to say, "My Bertha!"

60. "And, in my blindness, I believed him," said the girl, caressing him with tears of exquisite affection, "to be so different! And having him beside me, day by day, so mindful of me always, never dreamed of this!"

"The fresh, smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said Caleb, — "he's gone!"

61. "Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest father, no! Everything is here — in you. The father that I loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew; the benefactor whom I first began to reverence and love because he had such sympathy for me. All are here in you. Nothing is dead to me. The soul of all that was most dear to me is here — here, with the worn face, and the gray head. And I am not blind, father, any longer! Father," said Bertha, hesitating. "Mary."

62. "Yes, my dear," returned Caleb. "Here she is."

"There is no change in her? You never told me anything of her that was not true?"

"I should have done it, my dear, I am afraid," returned Caleb, "if I could have made her better than she was. But I must have changed her for the worse, if I had changed her at all. Nothing could improve her, Bertha."

I. Šör'čēr ēr: magician. Crēv'iq ēq: narrow openings; cracks. Dēft: earthenware made in the city of Delft, in Holland, or ware in imitation of that. Depri'vation: loss; bereavement. Händ'tōräft: a trade requiring skill of hand. Mēl'an-ehöl ŷ: sad. Dōle'ful: full of dole or grief; sad. Coun'tēr feit ēd: changed with a view to deceiving.

II. **Côr dĩ ãl'ĩ tỹ**: heartiness. **Fãn tũs'ĩc**: fanciful; queer.
Êo'stã sỹ: delight; rapture. **Bãn ẻ fãc'tor**: one who confers favors. **Des per a'tion**: despair; recklessness.

III. **Pẽn'ĩ tẻngẻ**: sorrow for sins or faults. **Dẻ spẻnd'ẻnt**: low spirited; disheartened; hopeless.

To a Butterfly

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth (1770–1850): One of the greatest of English poets. His poems are full of loving appreciation of nature, and more than almost any other poet he has helped other people to love and appreciate nature. He wrote "The Excursion," "The Prelude," "Intimations of Immortality," and many other poems.

1. I've watched you now a full half hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
 And, little butterfly, indeed
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless! — not frozen seas
 More motionless! and then
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again!
2. This plot of orchard ground is ours;
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
 Here rest your wings when they are weary;
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

Come often to us, fear no wrong ;
 Sit near us, on the bough !
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song ;
 And summer days when we were young ;
 Sweet childish days, that were as long
 As twenty days are now.

Poised: balanced. **Sānc'tú á rŷ**: a place of refuge; a sacred place.

To the Dandelion

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891): An American author. He was minister to Spain and afterward to Great Britain. His writing covers a large range, — literary and critical essays, public addresses, poetical satires, lyrics, and odes. He wrote "My Study Windows," "Among my Books," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," "The Biglow Papers," and other works in prose and poetry.

1. Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth — thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

2. Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess which she scatters
 now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

3. Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart and heed not space or time;
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summerlike, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

4. Then think I of deep shadows in the grass, —
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways, —
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, — or waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through

Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth
 move.

5. My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
 thee.

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from Heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

6. Thou art the type of those meek charities
 Which make up half the nobleness of life;
 Those cheap delights the wise
 Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;
 Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
 Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
 The morsel that may keep alive
 A starving heart, and teach it to behold
 Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

7. Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,
 Are like the words of poet and of sage
 Which through the free Heaven fare,
 And, now unheeded, in another age

Take root, and to the gladdened future bear
 That witness which the present would not
 heed,

Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
 And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
 Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

8. Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full
 Than all thy common brethren of the ground,
 Wherein, were we not dull,
 Some words of highest wisdom might be found;
 Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull
 Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make
 A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
 And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us
 still,
 Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill.

9. How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret
 show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

10. But let me read thy lesson right or no,
 Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure ;
 Old I shall never grow
 While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
 With legends of my childhood ; ah, we owe
 Well more than half life's holiness to these
 Nature's first lowly influences,
 At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst
 ope,
 In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

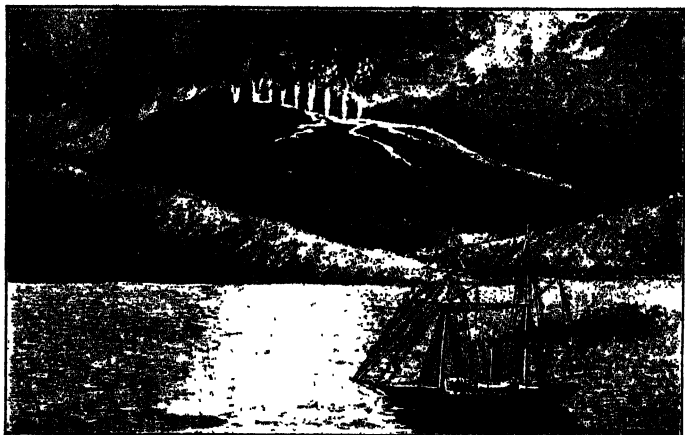
Būc cá nēerā': pirates ; sea robbers, especially those who attacked the Spanish in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. **Ēl dō rā'dō**: the golden country ; a name given by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to an imaginary country in the interior of South America, said to abound in gold and gems. **Prī mē'val**: original ; belonging to the first ages. **Lār'gēs**: bounty ; gift. **Cui rassēd'**: wearing a cuirass, a piece of defensive armor covering the body from the neck to the girdle. **Sy'b'ā rīs**: a Greek colony noted for the luxury of its inhabitants. **Ūn tāint'ēd**: pure ; uncorrupted. **Spēll**: a charm. **Pōr'tals**: gates.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Life's but a means unto an end, that end
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God:

— BAILEY



The volcano from the sea

The Chieftainess and the Volcano

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823—): An English writer. She is the author of more than one hundred novels and juvenile books, some of which are widely popular. This story is one of the heroic tales retold in her "Book of Golden Deeds."

1. Few regions in the world are more beautiful than the Hawaiian Islands, which lie far away in the Pacific. They are in great part formed by the busy little coral polyps; but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic.

2. In sailing up to the islands the first things

that one sees are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark—dark with lava and cinders on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle. The first of these has been tranquil for many years, the other is the largest and most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named ^{Kilauea} Kilauea.

3. The huge crater is a lake of liquid fire several miles across. Over it there is always a vapor, which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing, and at night is like a forest in flames. Rising into the glowing mist are two black cones, in the midst of a sea of melted lava, tossed wildly about as in a boiling caldron.

4. The edge of this huge basin of burning matter is a ledge of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of ^{scoria} scoria or cinder; in one place it forms an abrupt precipice four thousand feet high, but in others it can be descended, by dangerous paths, by those who desire to have a closer view of the lake of flame within.

5. Tremendous is the scene at all times, but at the periods of eruption the majesty is beyond all imagination. Rivers of boiling lava, blood-red with heat, rush down the mountain side and spread destruction over the plains.

6. Heathen nations living among such wonderful

appearances of nature naturally think they are caused by divine beings, and so in the Hawaiian Islands the terrible Kilauea was supposed to be the home of the goddess Pelé. Fierce goddess she was, who permitted no woman to touch the verge of her mountain, and, if one should do so, it was believed that Pelé, in her wrath, would destroy the whole island.

7. At length, however, missionaries came to the islands, and little by little the people ceased to worship their savage deities, and they began to revere the one true Maker of heaven and earth. But still they did not quite put aside their old belief about Kilauea; there the terrible sights and sounds and the desolating streams that might at any moment burst from the basin of flame were to them signs of the anger of a mighty goddess whom the nation feared to provoke.

8. After the young king and all his court had made up their minds to abandon their idols, still the priests of Pelé on the flaming mountain kept their stronghold of heathenism, and threatened Pelé's wrath upon those who gave up the ancient worship.

9. Then it was that a brave, Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, resolved to defy the goddess and break the spell that bound the trembling people to her worship. The name of this

woman was Kapiolani. No common trust and courage were needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was she outraging the old religious belief of her people; the ascent of the mountain was very toilsome and dangerous.

10. Wild crags and slippery sheets of lava and slopes of crumbling cinders were difficult for the feet of the coast-bred woman to climb. And the heated soil, the vapor that oozed up from the crevices of the half-cooled lava, must have filled any mind with awe and terror, above all one that had been bred up in the faith that these were the signs of the wrath of a revengeful and powerful deity whose law she was disobeying.

11. A short time before, several men had been suffocated on the mountain side by the gases of the volcano — struck dead, as it must have seemed to the islanders, by the breath of the angry goddess.

12. But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that the God in whom she believed would guard her from danger, climbed up the mountain, bearing in her hand the sacred berries which it was considered sacrilege for one of her sex to touch.

13. The angry priests of Pelé tried to bar her way by threatening her with the rage of their mistress; but Kapiolani heeded them not. She made her way to the top of the mountain and gazed into the fiery gulf below, then she descended the side of the terri-

ble crater, even to the margin of the boiling sea of fire, and hurled into it the sacred berries.

14. "If I perish by the anger of Pelé," she exclaimed, "then dread her power; but, behold, I defy her wrath. I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury! Oh, all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii and turn and serve the Lord!"

15. Then the brave woman descended the mountain and went in safety to her home. She had won her cause — the cause of faith.

Kī lau e'ā. **Pe'le.** **Cal'drōn:** a large kettle. **Erup'tion:** a violent throwing out of flames, lava, etc., as from a volcano or a fissure in the earth. **Vērgē:** edge. **Dēs'ō lāt ing:** laying waste. **Kā pī ō lā'nī.** **Dē'ī tŷ:** god. **Sāc'ī lēgē:** the sin of profaning sacred things; impiety.

Kapiolani

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1. When from the terrors of Nature a people have
fashioned and worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the voice of the Teacher who calls to
them,
"Set yourselves free!"

2. Noble the Saxon who hurled at his idol a valorous
 weapon in olden England!
 Great and greater, and greatest of women, island
 heroine, Kapiolani,
 Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and
 dared the goddess, and freed the people
 Of Hawa-i-ee!

3. A people believing that Pelé, the goddess, would
 wallow in fiery riot and revel
 On Kilauea,
 Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or
 shake with her thunders and shatter her
 island,
 Rolling her anger
 Through blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-
 red cataracts down to the sea!

4. Long as the lava light
 Glares from the lava lake
 Dazing the starlight,
 Long as the silvery vapor in daylight
 Over the mountain
 Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled with
 either on Hawa-i-ee.

5. What said her priesthood?
 "Woe to this island if ever a woman should handle
 or gather the berries of Pelé!

Accursèd were she!

And woe to this island if ever a woman should
climb to the dwelling of Pelé, the goddess!
Accursèd were she!"

6. One from the Sunrise

Dawned on His people, and slowly before Him
Vanished shadowlike
Gods and goddesses,
None but the terrible Pelé remaining as Kapiolani
ascended the mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Called on the Power adored by the Christian, and
crying, "I dare her, let Pelé avenge her-
self!"
Into the flame billow dashed the berries, and
drove the demon from Hawa-ee.

Fish'ioned: made; gave shape or figure to.

Clōmb: climbed. **Blast'ed**: blighted. **Bār'fied**: defeated;
prevented from carrying out a purpose. **Tā bōō'**: a supersti-
tion formerly common in the Polynesian Islands which for-
bade people to have anything to do with certain persons and
things.

An Ascent of Kilauea

BY LADY BRASSEY

Lady Brassey: An Englishwoman, who, with her husband, made a yacht voyage around the world in 1876-1877. This selection is taken from her pleasant record of the voyage, entitled "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam."

I

1. At last we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and in many places overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous caldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the center was the still glowing stream of dark red lava flowing slowly toward us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames, and smoke, issuing from the ground.

2. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

3. We spent the night at the Volcano House, and at three o'clock the next afternoon we set out, a party of eight, with two guides, and three porters to carry our wraps and provisions, and to bring back specimens.

4. First of all we descended the precipice, three hundred feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zigzag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable.

5. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold boiled lava, which we had seen from above last night. Even here, in every crevice where a few grains of soil had collected, delicate little ferns might be seen struggling for life, and thrusting out their green fronds toward the light.

6. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable, over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet.

7. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling; sometimes the black, iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ pipes, or had gathered into mounds and cones of various dimensions.

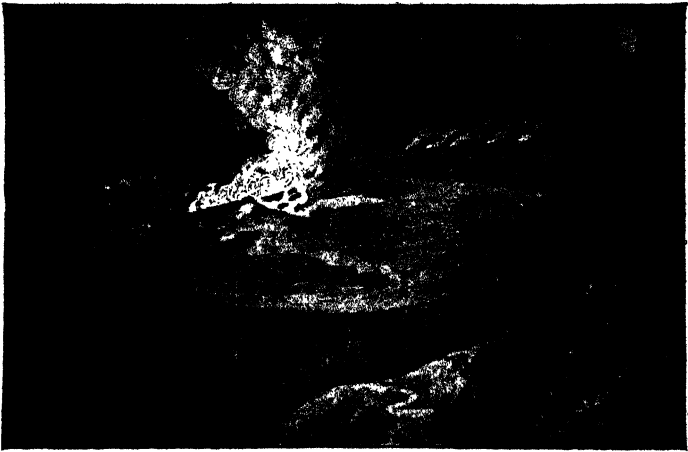
8. As we proceeded, the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapors almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance.

9. The lava was more glassy and transparent-looking, as if it had been fused at a higher temperature than usual; and the crystals of sulphur, ^{al}um, and other minerals, with which it abounded, reflected the light in bright ^{pr}ismatic colors. In places it was quite transparent, and we could see beneath it the long streaks of a stringy kind of lava, like brown spun glass, called "Pelé's hair."

II

10. At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and commenced the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top, and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

11. We were standing on the extreme edge of a



The crater of Kilauea

precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air.

12. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal color seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin gray scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it.

13. As the sun set and as darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the scene. •

14. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair at the futility of their efforts. Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks — seven fire fountains playing at the same time.

15. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface the gray lava on which we were standing and sitting was red hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

16. One more long last look, and then we turned

our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed in the extinct crater was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface.

17. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict charges of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole, it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over and jumped across.

18. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

I. **Côn q̄iv'á ble**: that may be thought of or imagined. **Pét'ri fied**: changed, as an animal or vegetable substance into stone. **Ír i dēs'cent**: having colors like the rainbow. **Fūq̄ed**: melted; made fluid. **Pris māt'ic colors**: the colors into which light is resolved when passed through a prism.

II. **Fūmēs**: vapor; smoke. **Nôr'mal**: natural; ordinary. **Fu tū' t̄y**: uselessness. **En thrall'ed'**: enslaved. **Ēx t̄ipot'**: put out; extinguished.

The Skeleton in Armor

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882): An American poet. He wrote "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and other poems. He was also the author of two prose volumes, "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion."

1. "Speak, speak! thou fearful guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast

Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,

But with thy fleshless palms

Stretched, as if asking alms,

Why dost thou haunt me?"

2. Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise,

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December;

And, like the water's flow

Under December's snow,

Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber.

3. "I was a viking old!

My deeds, though manifold,

No skald in song has told,

No saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse,
 Else dread a dead man's curse!
 For this I sought thee.

4. "Far in the Northern land,
 By the wild Baltic's strand,
 I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
 And with my skates fast bound
 Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
 That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

5. "Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
 Oft through the forest dark
 Followed the werewolf's bark,
 Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

✓ 6. "But when I older grew,
 Joining a corsair's crew,
 O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
 Wild was the life we led;
 Many the souls that sped,
 Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

7. "Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.
8. "Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.
9. "I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.
10. "Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory;
 When of old Hildebrand
 I asked his daughter's hand,
 Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

11. "While the brown ale he quaffed,
 Loud then the champion laughed,
 And as the wind gusts waft
 The sea foam brightly,
 So the loud laugh of scorn,
 Out of those lips unshorn,
 From the deep drinking horn
 Blew the foam lightly.
12. "She was a prince's child,
 I but a viking wild,
 And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
 Should not the dove so white
 Follow the sea mew's flight,
 Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?
13. "Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me, —
 Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen! —

When on the white sea strand
 Waving his armed hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand
 With twenty horsemen. /

14. "Then launched they to the blast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty skaw,
 So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.
15. "And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death ! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter !
 Midships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel ;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !
16. "As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again

Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

17. "Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.
18. "There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!
19. "Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

20. "Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
 Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!"
 — Thus the tale ended.

Wrapped in Eastern balms: in Egypt and other Eastern countries it was once the custom to embalm the bodies of the dead; that is, to preserve them by the use of certain oils and spices. **Viking:** one belonging to the pirate crews from among the Northmen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. **Scald:** a reciter and singer of heroic poems among the Norsemen. **Sǫgga:** a legend or heroic story among the Norsemen and kindred people. **Gér'falcon** (or gyrfalcon): a large Arctic falcon. **Were'wolf:** according to old superstition, a person who had been changed into a wolf. **Côr'sáir:** pirate. **Má raud'ers:** plunderers. **Was'sail bout:** a drinking revel, so called from an old expression of good wishes, *Wes hál*, health be to you, used in drinking to some one. **Bër'serk:** a berserker; in Norse mythology, a hero mad with the rage of battle. **Plíht'éd:** pledged; (promised). **Skaw:** headland. **Côr'mô rant:** a sea bird. **Læ'ward:** in the direction toward which the wind blows. **Fén:** marsh. **Gëar:** (clothing;) armor. **Skōal:** a Norse word meaning (hail.)

The Story of William Shakspeare

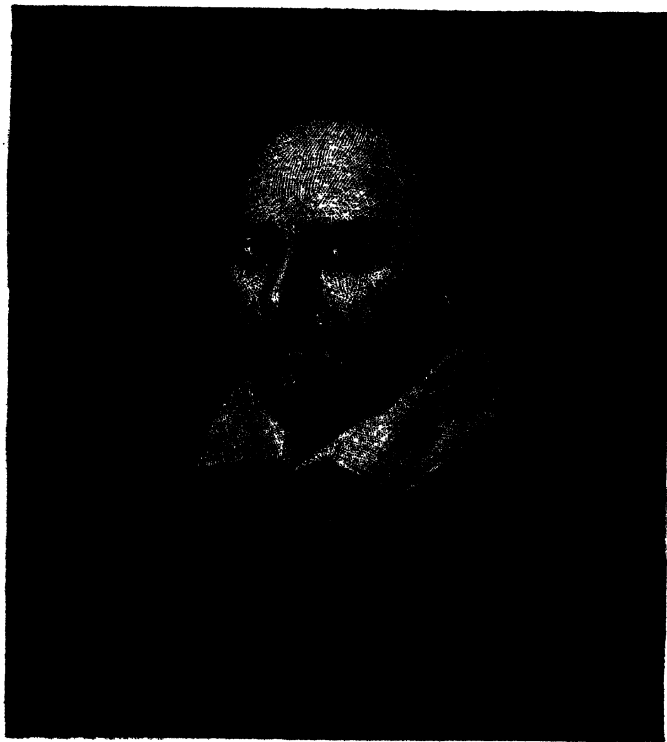
I

1. In the year 1564 Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, was a quiet little village that differed in no way from hundreds of others scattered over England at that time. In these little villages the houses were built commonly of wood, with the upper stories overhanging the lower, and with windows of lattice-work or horn, as glass was then seldom used except in the houses of the wealthy.

2. Each cottage had its garden wherein grew rosemary and fennel and all kinds of herbs, in closest neighborhood to the roses and daffodils and violets, which were the pride of the cottagers. In the fields beyond, the paths led through scarlet poppies and golden primroses to the great forests, which were then found all over England.

3. Quite outside the villages, and often far removed from them, were the manor houses of the wealthy squires, the castles of the great nobles, and the abbeys and cathedrals whose fine architecture so beautified the country.

4. But in Stratford itself the beauty consisted mainly in the prettily kept gardens; the beautiful river Avon, which flows past the village on its way to join the Severn; in the graceful yew, elm, and lime trees which shaded the cottage roofs; and in



William Shakspeare

the old church, built possibly in the days when the Normans were still trying to make the English nation become French.

5. In one of these cottages, which was richer than many of its neighbors, since it possessed two stories instead of one, and had, furthermore, some dormer windows in its roof, was born, in 1564, William Shakspeare, whose name stands far above every other in the story of English literature, and whose genius has made the village of Stratford immortal.

6. Very little is known of Shakspeare's childhood and boyhood, except that they were spent at Stratford. But we know that his father was a man of some importance in the village, and that the boy's early days must have been comfortable and happy.

7. When he was seven years of age, he entered the free grammar school of the village, where pupils were admitted as soon as they knew how to read. Here, for seven years, he learned from books the things that were then taught in the grammar schools, including no doubt some Latin and Greek and as much English as was considered necessary. In those days English was thought of little importance, and to be a scholar meant to know certain languages and sciences which the learner would probably never use.

8. Out of school Shakspeare learned much, and stored the knowledge well in his mind. He knew all the flowers, plants, and trees which were to be

found in the fields and meadows and woods for miles around. He spent hours in poring over the history of Stratford Church, where he had been christened, and to which he went regularly every Sunday. It joined the England of his day with a past that was full of the glorious and stirring history of the English nation.

9. Shakspeare learned much from the traffic which constantly passed through the village, for Stratford was cut into four sections by the two great public highways, which ran through the place from the great neighboring cities, and over which went all the traffic of that part of the kingdom.

10. In this way he heard of the great world beyond Stratford. He learned of those heroes of the sea, Frobisher and Hawkins and Gilbert and Drake, and followed them in imagination in their voyages across the ocean to the unknown continents and islands of the New World. And he heard in the same way of the affairs of London—what the queen and the great nobles were about, and what was thought to be fine in the sight of London folk, and what they despised as poor and mean.

11. A few miles away from Stratford were the great castles of Warwick and Kenilworth. The former was rich in memories of the War of the Roses, when England was a great battlefield from end to end, and second in interest only to Kenilworth, where Queen

Elizabeth came from time to time, with her train of lords and ladies, to be entertained by Lord Leicester.

12. Most interesting of all the events connected with her visit were the shows and plays, which were given at the castle in her honor. One of the royal progresses to Kenilworth occurred when Shakspeare was about twelve years of age, and very likely the boy was present at the entertainments given there, and watched with eager eyes the scene before him.

13. Besides these entertainments in honor of the queen, Shakspeare saw from time to time the companies of regular players who traveled from London throughout the country, frequently stopping at Stratford, where they gave their performances, as was usual at a time when there were no theaters, in the courtyard of the inn.

14. In this way the boy Shakspeare became familiar with the best plays and players of the day, and this, joined with visits to Coventry, where great religious plays were given, must have given him many a glimpse of the life beyond his native village.

Amid such scenes and impressions Shakspeare grew to manhood, and it is easy to trace their influence in his works.

II

15. When Shakspeare was twenty-one, he went to London to try his fortunes in that great city; and a very interesting place was the London of his day.

There was the famous London Bridge and St. Paul's Cathedral, and palaces and markets and taverns and bear gardens, and long streets full of shops.

16. Then, too, there were the daily crowds where could be seen people from all over the world. Knights and courtiers jostling county squires, and scholars and divines touching, as they passed, the highwayman or thief who had won notoriety by his clever robberies.

17. Here, also, were noblemen dressed in velvet and gold, from Italy and Spain and France; slaves from Spanish America, sea captains and priests, soldiers and servants — all held by chance or interest within the gray walls which circled London, and whose gates gave welcome to as strange a crowd as could be found in the world.

18. Into this curious crowd came Shakspeare, quick to see and eager to learn, and before long all these strange sights were as familiar to him as the faces of his own townsfolk. Each one told its story to him so plainly that, as before he had learned the secrets of the fields and woods, so now he learned men and the interests which make up the great world.

19. And he learned these lessons so well that when he came to write his plays he made such use of them as no writer ever made before or since; for it is the use of this knowledge of the world, combined with

his own genius, that makes Shakspeare the greatest dramatist that has ever lived.

20. But when Shakspeare first entered London, the objects of greatest interest to him were the theaters, for since his boyhood two or three regular theaters had been opened. One of the principal was that called Blackfriars, which had been made out of some dwelling houses, and which took its name from the monastery of Blackfriars near by.

21. It was this poor little playhouse — lit by candles, and with its floor of earth, and its stage covered with rushes, and with an audience that smoked, laughed, talked, and ate as the play went on — that Shakspeare entered soon after he reached London, and by so doing crowned it with a fame as immortal as that which rests upon Stratford itself.

22. The plays that were then the most popular were in many cases written by the actors themselves, and as the company at Blackfriars consisted of some of the leading actors of the day, Shakspeare was at once thrown into the society that would best bring out his talents as an actor and playwright. Shakspeare frequented the theaters and acted in a small way for a while, and then in a year or two began to write for the stage himself.

23. At first he simply joined with some fellow-actor in writing a new play or in rewriting an old

one, but this only continued for a short time, and soon he began the series of wonderful plays which stand alone in all literature.

24. Shakspeare gathered the materials for his plays from many sources, for nearly all the authors of ancient times had been translated into English, and the playwright of the day could choose his plot from many different scenes. In fact, the literature that was open to Shakspeare was as rich and varied as a casket of precious stones, and he made good use of it.

25. He was familiar with the old writers of Greece and Rome, and knew all the old tales of love and adventure and revenge which filled the pages of Italian writers. He was wise in the old chronicles of England, whose history was as romantic and interesting as a fairy tale.

26. And besides this, he read the tales of those adventurers who had traveled in the far East and told thrilling stories of Arab and Moor and Turk, or excited the imagination by relating the dangers of the Southern Ocean or the Arctic Sea, and the perils among the hostile tribes and savage beasts in distant America.

27. And all this knowledge of books he combined with his knowledge of men, and put both into his plays, and made them so real and true that when people saw them on the stage, they forgot that what they saw was acting, and could fancy that they were

looking at the real scenes which Shakspeare had in mind when he was writing. And so they laughed over his clowns and fools and jesters, and wept over his unhappy kings and wretched queens and murdered princes, whose pitiful stories made them think the more tenderly of their own children safe at home. And when the play was over, and they came back to everyday life again, it was to declare that this Shakspeare was the greatest writer of dramas that had yet appeared.

28. Shakspeare always considered Stratford his home, and bought there an estate, where he visited his family from time to time. When he had made a good sum of money, he retired to Stratford. There he died four years later, on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday, and was buried in the parish church so closely connected with his first childish memories.

29. Outside of his plays he is known as the author of a few poems and songs, and more than a hundred sonnets full of beauty, but it is his great dramas which have won for Shakspeare the fame which has placed his name far above and beyond any other writer in the history of the world.

I. Man'or house: a country house of some importance.
War of the Roses: an English civil war in the fifteenth century, so called because the rival parties took as emblems

the red and the white rose. **Sir Martin Frobisher** (1535?-1594): an English navigator. **Sir John Hawkins** (1532-1595): an English naval commander. **Sir Humphrey Gilbert** (1539?-1584): an English navigator. **Sir Francis Drake** (1540?-1596): an English navigator.

II. **Court'ers**: gentlemen in attendance on the court of a prince. **Dl vines'**: priests; clergymen. **Mön'ās tēr ý**: a house of religious retirement; a convent.

Forest Scene — from "As You Like It"

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

ACT II

SCENE I — *The Forest of Arden*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords like foresters

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery: these are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of (adversity,)
Which, like the (toad, ugly) and (venomous,)
Wears yet a precious (jewel) in its head ;
And this our life (exempt) from (public) (haunt),
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in (everything.)
I would not change it.

AMT. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the (stubbornness) of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The (melancholy) Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, (swears) you do more (usurp)
Than doth your brother that hath (banished) you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor (sequestered) stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to (languish), and indeed, my lord,
The (wretched) animal heaved forth such (groans)
That their (discharge) did stretch his (leathern) coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his (innocent) nose
 In piteous (chase) and thus the (hairy) fool
 Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques
 Stood on the (extremest) (verge) of the (swift) brook
 (Augmenting) it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not (moralize) (this) (spectacle?)

FIRST LORD. Oh, yes, into a thousand (similes).
 First, for his weeping into the (needless) (scream);
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
 As (worldings) do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which hath too much;" then, being there
 alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
 "'Tis right," quoth he. "Thus (misery) doth part
 The (flux) of company:" anon a (careless) herd
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques;
 "Sweep on, you fat and (greasy) citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: (wherefore) do you look
 Upon that poor and (broken) (bankrupt) there?"
 Thus most (invectively) he (pierceth) through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, (swearing) that we
 Are mere (usurpers) tyrants, and what's worse
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up
 In their (assigned) and (native) (dwelling) place.



"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this con-
tem-
plation?

SEC. LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting

Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

Charl'ish: rude. Ād vēr'sī tŷ: trouble; misfortune. Īks:
pains; vexes = used impersonally. Bārgh'ēr: citizens; in-
habitants. Forked heads: arrows. Sē quē'tered: retired; set

apart. **Augmēt'ing**: increasing. **Moralise this spectacle**: make moral reflections on this sight. **Sīm'īlēs**: comparisons; words by which a thing is likened to something else. **Quōth**: said. **Tēs'tament**: will. **Flūx**: flow. **In vēc'tivelŷ**: with severe blame; reproachfully. **Cōpe**: meet. **Māt'tēr**: affairs worthy of account; things of importance or interest.

The Story of "The Tempest"

From "Tales from Shakspeare"

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

I

1. There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

2 They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men.

3. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by his art, released many good

spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

4. The lively little sprite, Ariel, had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak.

5 Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother, Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

6 When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel — who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's — would come slyly and pinch him and sometimes tumble him down in the mire. Then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him; then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his

bare feet. With a variety of suchlike vexatious tricks Ariel would torment Caliban when he neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

7. Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

8. ("Oh, my dear father,") said she, ("if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her.")

9. "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

10. “(Certainly I can, sir,)” replied Miranda.

“By what?” asked Prospero; “by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.”

Miranda said. “(It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me)”

11. Prospero answered: “You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?”

“(No, sir,)” said Miranda. “(I remember nothing more.)”

12. “Twelve years ago, Miranda,” continued Prospero, “I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so, indeed, he proved.

13. “I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did give my whole time to the bettering of my mind.’ My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected with the

aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

14. "(Wherefore,)" said Miranda, ("did they not that hour destroy us?")

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either sail or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books, which I prize above my dukedom."

15. "(Oh, my father,)" said Miranda, ("what a trouble must I have been to you then!")

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

16. "(Heaven thank you, my dear father,)" said Miranda. "(Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm.)"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

II

17. Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest and how he had disposed of the ship's company. Though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse—as would seem to her—with the empty air.

18. "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

19. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

20. "That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding,

thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

21. "Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

22. "How now?" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

23. "Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers and here left by the sailors; because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

24. "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do. Away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

25. "Oh, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

26. He then began singing : —

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell." \

27. This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

28. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"(Oh, father,)" said Miranda, in a strange surprise,

"surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! 'Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?'"

29. "No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship; he is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person; he has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

30. Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince. And Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

31. She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had, as we say, fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way.

32. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and

feet together. You shall drink sea water ; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

33. "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

III

34. Miranda hung upon her father, saying: ("Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.")

35. "Silence!" said the father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl. What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban."

36. This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, ("My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.")

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

37. "I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find

himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

38. Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

39. Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

(Alas!) said she, (do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself.)

40. "Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

(If you will sit down,) said Miranda, (I will carry your logs the while.)

(But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.)



"I will carry your logs."

41. Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

✓ Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it, was against her father's command she did so.

42. Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for, having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was

not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

43. In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied : "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not ; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

44. At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish ; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech, for young princes speak in courtly phrases, told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

45. ("Ah, sir,") said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

46. "Fear nothing, my child," said he ; "I have

overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise."

47. He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

48. When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear.

49. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a monster with wings, and the feast vanished away.

50. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving

him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

51. The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero; “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.” |

IV

52. Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

53. Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

54. Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow

and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother.

Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too," and opening a door showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

55 Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

“Oh, wonder!” said Miranda, “what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.”

56 The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

“Who is this maid?” said he; “she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.”

57. “No, sir,” answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, “she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much,

but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

58. "Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

59. And then Prospero embraced his brother and again assured him of his forgiveness. He said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples; for that by their meeting on this desert island it happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

60. These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

61. Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your

evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island."

62. He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

63 Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

64. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little prite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; but you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

65. Here Ariel sang this pretty song:—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
Here I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. ”

66. Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art.

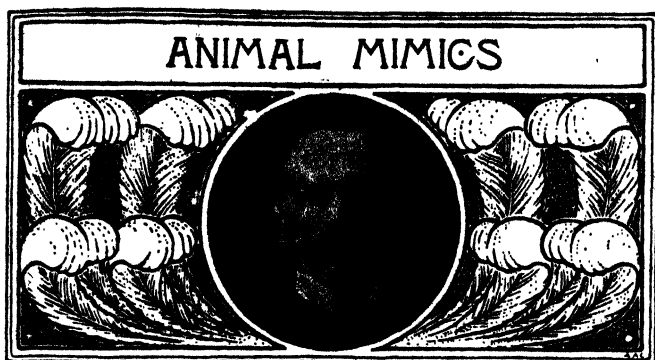
And, having thus overcome his enemies and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

I. **Āf fēct'ēd**: liked; favored—an old meaning of the word.
Āp pār'ēl: clothing. **Chēr'ūb**: an angel.

II. **Mār'i nērs**: sailors.

III. **Sure ty**: one who is answerable for another. **Ād'vōcāte**: one who pleads the cause of another. **Gōōd'li ēr**: better looking; more agreeable. **Ēn joinēd'**: ordered. **Prē'cepta**: commands; rules of action. **Ā mēnds'**: reward for loss or injury.

IV. **Dē pōse'**: dethrone; remove from office. **Brāve**: excellent; fine,—an old use of the word. **Ūn oquth'**: strange. **Couch**: lie as upon a bed. **Nup'tials**: marriage. **Cōn'voy**: an escort to guide or protect.



BY HENRY DRUMMOND

Henry Drummond (1851-1897): A Scotch author and traveler. He was professor of natural sciences in a college at Glasgow, and traveled widely in America, Africa, and Asia for purposes of scientific study. The following selection is from his book, "Tropical Africa." He wrote also a number of books on religious subjects, of which the best known is "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

1. Have you ever wondered why the skins of animals have particular colors? Probably you have not, and it is very likely that most people would be surprised to hear that there is any reason for the colors at all. But there are reasons. Color in animals seems to be either "protective" or "warning." The object of the first is to render the animal not easy to be seen, the object of the second is the opposite, to make it easy to be seen.

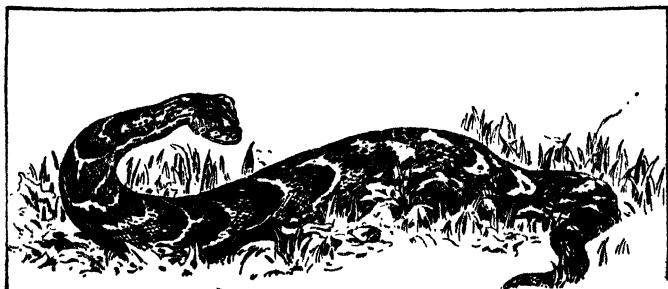
2. Birds, monkeys, lizards, and spiders are very fond of butterflies, but there are some butterflies which are not edible, on account of unwholesome juices in their bodies. These butterflies of disagreeable flavor are brilliantly colored, and this gay coloring serves as a danger signal to the birds, monkeys, and spiders. These butterflies fly undisturbed about the forests in broad daylight, while their duskier edible brethren have to hurry in terror for their lives through the gloomiest parts of the forests. /

3. For the same reason, well-armed or stinging insects, such as the wasp, are generally conspicuously dressed in warning colors. This is true of bees and dragon flies; and it may be taken as a rule that gay-colored insects are either bad eating or bad stingers.

4. But that the chief use of coloring is protection may be shown by simple observation of animal life in any part of the world. The motionlessness of wild game when danger is near is well known; and every hunter knows that it is often difficult to see even large animals, though they may be standing near him.

5. Lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey which move quietly through great masses of bush or jungle, are often not to be distinguished from the vegetation surrounding them. The stripes of the tiger, for instance, much resemble the long, reedlike stalks of the jungle.

6. One of the most beautiful and ornate of all tropical reptiles is the puff-adder. This animal, the bite of which is certain death, is from three to five feet long, and in some parts is almost as thick as the lower part of a man's thigh. The whole body is ornamented with strange devices in green, yellow, and black, and lying in a museum its glittering coils certainly form a most striking object.



A puff adder

7. But in nature the puff-adder has a very different background. It is a forest animal, its true dwelling place being among the fallen leaves in the deep shade of the trees by the banks of streams. Now in such a position, at the distance of a foot or two, its appearance so exactly resembles the forest bed as to be almost indistinguishable from it.

8. I was once just throwing myself down under a tree to rest when, stooping to clear the spot, I noticed a peculiar pattern among the leaves. I started back in horror, to find a puff adder of the largest size,

only its thick back visible, and its fangs within a few inches of my face as I stooped. It was lying concealed among fallen leaves so like itself that, but for the exceptional caution which in African travel becomes a habit, I should certainly have sat down upon it: and to sit down upon a puff adder is to sit down for the last time.

9. I had stopped one day among some tall dry grass, when one of my men suddenly shouted, "Chirombo!" *Chirombo* means an inedible beast of any kind, and I turned round to see where the animal was. The native pointed straight at myself. I could see nothing, but he approached, and pointing close to a wisp of hay which had fallen upon my coat, repeated, "Chirombo!" Believing that it must be some insect among the hay, I took it in my fingers, looked over it, and told him pointedly there was no Chirombo there. He smiled, and pointing again to the hay exclaimed, "Moio!" (It's alive!)

10. The hay itself was Chirombo! I do not exaggerate when I say that that wisp of hay was no more like an insect than my barometer. Take two inches of dried yellow grass stalk; then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick; bend each in the middle at any angle you like, stick them in three opposite pairs upon the first grass stalk, and you have my Chirombo. When you catch him, his limbs are twisted about at every angle, as if the

whole were made of one long stalk of the most delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed up into an untidy heap. Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct, he never moves or varies one of his many angles by half a degree.

11 The way the insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself; you may turn him about, and over and over, but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of movement. All the members of this family have this power of shamming death; but how such emaciated and juiceless skeletons should ever presume to be alive is the real mystery.

12. The grass-stalk insects live among the long grass which is found in patches all over the African forests. During three fourths of the year it is dried by the sun into a straw-yellow color, and all the insects are painted to match.

13. But an even more singular fact remains to be noted. After the rainy season, when the new green grasses spring up, these withered-grass insects all seem to disappear. Their color would now be no protection to them, and their places are taken by others, colored as green as the new grass. Whether these are new insects, or only the same in spring toilets, I do not know.

14. Another class of insects imitate twigs, sticks, and the smaller branches of shrubs. The commonest of



Caterpillar resembling twig

these is a walking twig, a curious insect three or four inches long, which looks as if it were covered with bark and spotted with mold, like a real forest twig.

15. Some insects, belonging mostly to locust tribes, represent leaf forms. They are found in all forms, sizes, and colors, mimicking foliage at every stage of growth and decay. Some have the leaf stamped on their wings in vivid green, with veins and ribs complete. I have again and again watched these forms in the forest, not only with the living leaf, but with crumpled, shriveled ones. Indeed, the imitations of the crumpled autumn leaf are even more numerous and striking than those of the living form.



Butterfly resembling leaf

16. Lichens and mosses are also taken as models by insects. There is probably no form in the vegetable kingdom that has not its living counterpart in some animal form.

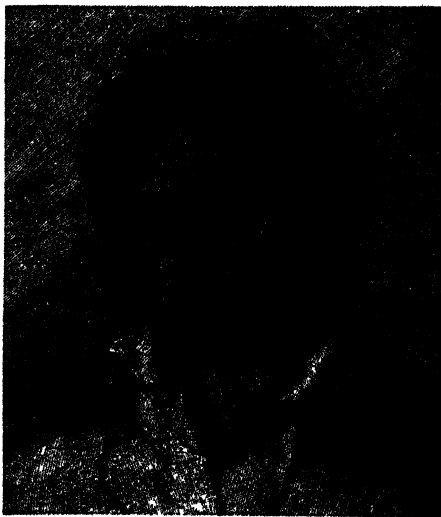
Ēd'ī ble: eatable; fit to be used as food. Cōn spic'ū ōis īy: easily to be seen. Ōnāte': decorated; beautiful. Rāp'tilay:

animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc. **Bà rôm'ê tēr**: an instrument for finding out the weight or pressure of the atmosphere in order to learn the probable changes of weather, or the height of an ascent. **De lu'sion**: deception; cheat. **Mim'-yo rŷ**: imitation; likeness. **E ma'ci at ed**: very lean; thin. **Coun'tēr part**: copy; a person or thing closely resembling another.

The Cloud

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822): A famous English poet whose poems are distinguished for their lyrical beauty. His finest poem is "Adonais," written on the occasion of the death of the poet Keats. "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind" are the most familiar of his shorter poems.



Percy Bysshe Shelley

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams. .

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
 The spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
 smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead :
 As on the jag of a mountain crag
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And, when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
 Whom mortals call the moon
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
 roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer.
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, —

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

Wiśd: use; handle. **Flāṭ**: an instrument for threshing or beating out grain. **Āghāst'**: frightened; terrified. **Sān'guine**: red. **Rāk**: thin-flying, broken clouds. **Jāg**: notch; cleft.

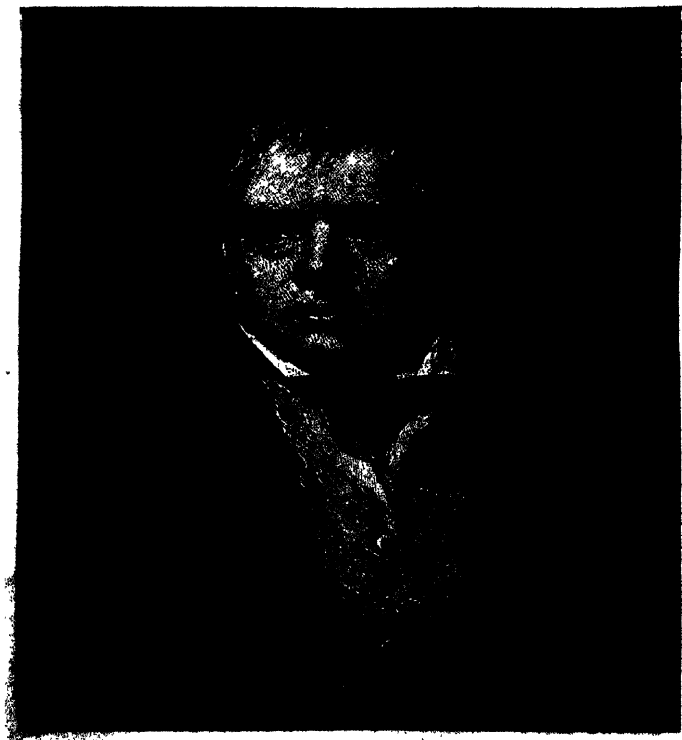
Sir Walter Scott

I

1. More than a hundred years ago Bishop Percy, an Englishman, published a book of ancient poetry, in which were put together as many old songs and ballads as he could find. Some of the ballads had been taken from old manuscripts, yellow and worn with time. Others had been jotted down from the lips of some village poet, the last descendant of the old bards. Some recorded old battles, and others homely incidents of love and domestic life. But all were full of the life of those distant ages, and brought back the old days with the vividness of a picture.

2. This interesting book drifted for twenty years among the haunts of book lovers, and won for itself a warm welcome everywhere.

Then it fell one day into the hands of a blue-eyed lad, who looked and read and straightway was lost.



Sir Walter Scott

to the present, having wandered back into that golden past which the old poems called up.

3. This lad was Walter Scott, and in his veins ran the blood of some of those old chieftains about whose deeds he was reading for both his father and mother were descended from ancient historic families. In speaking of his first acquaintance with this book, Scott says that his heart was stirred as with the sound of a trumpet and perhaps it is not the least glory of the old ballads that they dropped into his boyish mind the seeds which in later years bore such golden harvests for English literature.

4. Scott was born in 1771 at Edinburgh, but, being delicate, he passed much of his childhood in the country and here, among the farmer folk, his mind was filled with legends and quaint superstitions. These impressions sank into his mind and, finding fruitful soil, grew and flourished.

They gave form and color to his imagination in such a degree that when the time came for him to write books, he reproduced the spirit of the old days as no other writer could have done, because it was the same spirit that had influenced him when a child.

5. Scott was educated at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh, and was trained for the practice of law. But he found the law little to his liking, and in very early manhood he began the translation of German poetry. He soon discovered, how-

ever, that his work for literature must lie in other directions.

6. With the tastes of his childhood days strong within him, he turned his mind toward the old songs and ballads, which made up a large part of Scottish poetry, and he resolved to try to bring into some definite form the numerous and interesting legends which were woven into the pages of his country's story.

7. He traveled through the regions celebrated in history, and from shepherd and farmer and from curious old written songs he gathered together legends and old traditions, and became familiar with the scenery and manners of the places where each had been found. Then he studied, sifted, and edited, and at last put together in definite form these old bits of history and published them in a book called the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This book was more than a compilation of old songs; it was the reproduction of a part of the national history, and it won for Scott the honor and recognition that he deserved.

8. In this work Scott seems to have been searching for the right path in which to work. The results show that he found that which he sought, for in 1805 he published an original poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was founded upon the romantic incidents of the old Border warfare. Then came

the poems called "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lord of the Isles."

II

9. But great as was his success in these poems, Scott was really at this period only finding his way toward his true work. The poems were splendid pictures of the romantic and chivalrous ages, and were thrown into those fascinating meters which appeal to the people at large. A passage or description from one of these poems could almost be chanted like an old battle hymn.

10. But still they were pictures of times and events rather than anything else, and lacked that human interest which marks the masterpieces of all literature. Scott's fame, therefore, as one of the great writers of romance, does not rest upon his poems, popular as they are, but upon his long series of romantic novels.

These novels are based upon incidents in English, Scottish, and Continental history, or upon domestic life, and in each of these departments Scott produced a masterpiece.

11. His first novel, called "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," was published in 1814. This novel was received with the same enthusiasm which had greeted his poetry, though few suspected the authorship. In this work Scott at once reached the highest

[point of his art.] "Waverley" was followed by [other] brilliant romances full of magnificent description and stirring adventure.

12. Scott wrote [in all twenty-nine romances. Among] them we find stories of Scotland and England in the seventeenth (century, legends) of the [Border] tales of London when Shakspeare lived there, tales of the Crusaders, and many stories of [private] and domestic life.

13. "Ivanhoe," from which the following selection about Locksley is taken, is a story of England in the time of Richard the First. Locksley was the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, in disguise. "Ivanhoe" is one of the most famous of historical romances and [should] be read by every boy and girl.

Some of the other historical romances are "Kenilworth," a story of the time of Queen Elizabeth, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," which give the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, "Woodstock," a tale of England in the seventeenth (century,) and "Quentin Durward," the [scene] of which is laid in the reign of Louis the Eleventh of France.

14. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," and "The Heart of Midlothian" are the most [famous] of the [novels] of domestic life. In these Scott writes the [history] of the [human] heart with as true a hand as that which [penned] the great deeds of [history].

15. The whole series of romances is now [known] under the name of the "Waverley Novels." They

were all published anonymously, though it was generally believed, even at the time, that Scott was the author. He did not acknowledge the authorship, however, until the failure, in 1826, of the publishing house with which he was secretly connected. He then assumed the vast debt of almost six hundred thousand dollars, for which only his own sense of honor made him responsible, and set to work to pay it by his literary labors.

10. One book after another came from his pen to delight the eager public, but Scott's strength and life itself were given to the task. After a voyage in a vain search for health, he returned to Scotland to spend his last days at his home at Abbotsford. There he died September 21, 1832.

I. **Bal'lads**: poems adapted for recitation or singing. **Tra di'tion**: knowledge or belief handed down by word of mouth. **Com pi la'tion**: a book made of materials gathered from other writings. **The Bôr'dēr**: districts of Scotland and England which adjoin.

II. **Chiv'al rous**: knightly; heroic. **Mē'ters**: poetical measures depending on number, quantity, and accent of syllable; verses. **Cru sād'ērs**: men who joined the expeditions undertaken by the Christian nations in the Middle Ages for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks. **A nōn'y mōūs lȳ**: without the name of the author.

The Archery Contest

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

I

1. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood.

2. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

3. "Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing defeat and disgrace."

"What is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know

not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has fallen under your displeasure."

5. Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

6. "And how ~~..~~ I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported as it is by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

7. "This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

II

8. A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.

9 The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

10 "Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

11. "That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

(12. The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string.

13. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

14. "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his opponent, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark.

15. He was speaking almost at the instant that the

shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

16. Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

17. “A Hubert! a Hubert!” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. “In the clout! in the clout! a Hubert forever!”

“Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,” said the prince, with an insulting smile

“I will notch his shaft for him,” replied Locksley.

18. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor

III

19. “And now,” said Locksley, “I will crave your grace’s permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.”

20. He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some (attendants) should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" from the (multitude) induced him to alter his (ungenerous) purpose.

21. Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, (perfectly) straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great (composure) observing at the same time that to ask a good (woodsman) to shoot at a target so broad as had (hitherto) been used was to put shame upon his skill.

22. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty (knights) around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking (deliberately) to the other end of the lists, and (sticking) the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

23. "My (grandsire)," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If

this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

24. "Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

25. So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence.

26. The archer justified their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. Acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

27. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with

the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

28. "Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

29. Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

I. **Bal'dric**: a belt; usually a broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm. **Syl'van**: of the woods. **Yeō'man**: a man free born. **Ad ven'ture**: risk; venture, try the chance of. **Mēr'ry mēn**. archers; a name frequently given to Robin Hood and his companions. **Nō'ble**: the noble was an old English gold coin, worth about a dollar and sixty cents. **Scourged**: whipped severely. **Prōff'ër**: offer. **Crā'ven**: coward.

II. **Try conclusions**: make a trial or an experiment. **Sith**: an old word meaning since. **Clout**. the center of the target. **Mēnd**: improve; help.

III. **Bēn'ny**: pretty. **Ān**: if, a word used by old English authors. **Būc'klers**: shields. **Jēr'kin**: a jacket or short coat. **Whit'tle**: a knife.

The Frigate and the Galleys

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (1863—), an English novelist whose books are published under the pen name "Q." He has written "Dead Man's Rock," "The Splendid Spur," and other novels. This selection is from "The Blue Pavilions," copyrighted by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in 1891.

I

1. The frigate *Merry Maid* left Holland with her convoy of merchant vessels in line and in admirable order. The breeze was fair for England. A full moon rose over the sand banks behind them as Captain Barker sent the pilots ashore. He stood out to sea, for most of his merchant ships were slow sailers, and not a few were overladen. So clear was the night that he could not only count their thirty-six lanterns, but even see their canvas glimmering as they stole like ghosts in his wake.

2. He was delighted with the frigate and her crew, who were English to a man. Leaving the deck in charge of his friend, Captain Runacles, who was acting as his lieutenant, Barker descended to his cabin, where he remained until a sharp tap at the door aroused him.

3. "What is it?" he asked.

"Six French galleys to the south, between us and the Thames!" answered Captain Runacles, coolly.

Barker sprang up and hurried up on deck.

"So these are the galleys I've heard so much about," he remarked, taking up a glass, through which he eyed them intently for a couple of minutes.

4. "What do you propose, Jack?" said Runacles.

"Propose? Why, I propose to do what I'm here for — to save the convoy."

"That's very pretty. But do you know how fast those galleys can move?"

5. "No, I don't. But I know they can outpace us. Nevertheless, I'll save the convoy."

"How?"

"There's only one way."

6. "And that is —?"

"By losing the frigate."

Captain Barker turned briskly.

"Signal the convoy," he shouted, "to make all sail and run for the Thames."

7. For some little while the frigate held on her course for the mouth of the Thames. Not a sail more did she carry than when she first came in sight. It almost seemed as if her captain had not seen the enemy flying to destroy him. For thirty-five minutes she held quietly on beside her convoy. And then the helm was shifted, and she came down straight for the Frenchmen.

8. It was a gallant stroke, and a subtle — so subtle that the French commander mistook its meaning, and

gave a great shout of joy. He fancied he saw the English delivered into his hand. But he rejoiced too soon. To begin with, he perceived the next moment that the frigate, by hastening the attack, had caught his galley alone.

9. Four of his galleys had been sent off with all speed to place themselves between the merchantmen and the coast, and the remaining one, not having such a good crew of rowers as his own, was a league or more behind.

Still the commander was in no way disturbed. He never doubted for a moment that his galley alone, with two hundred fighting men aboard, would be more than a match for the frigate.

10. Down came the *Merry Maid*, closer and closer, her flag fluttering bravely; and on rushed the galley until the two were within cannon shot. The French commander gave the order, and sent a shot to meet her from one of the four guns in the prow. As the thunder of it died away and the smoke cleared, he waited for the Englishman's reply. There was none. The frigate held on her course, silent as death.

11. And then suddenly, when in three minutes the vessels must have come into collision, round flew the frigate's wheel; as her sails filled again, away she went on the westerly tack for her life.

12. Nothing gives more spirit than a flying enemy. From mouth to mouth ran the word that the English

were showing their heels, and in a moment the wretched slaves at the oars were pulling like madmen. Jeers rose from the deck.

13. "If the Englishman doesn't strike his flag within two minutes, down he goes to the bottom."

On board the frigate Captain Barker said four words only, "Take the wheel, Jemmy."

14. Captain Runacles stepped to it, and the steersman gave place. Though this was his first acquaintance with a galley, Barker knew well enough that she would strike for the frigate's stern as the weakest point. This was just what he wished her to do. He stood by the taffrail with one eye upon the galley and his face slightly turned toward his friend at the wheel. His right hand was lifted.

II

15. On came the French galley with yelling crew. A few more leaps and it would strike the frigate.

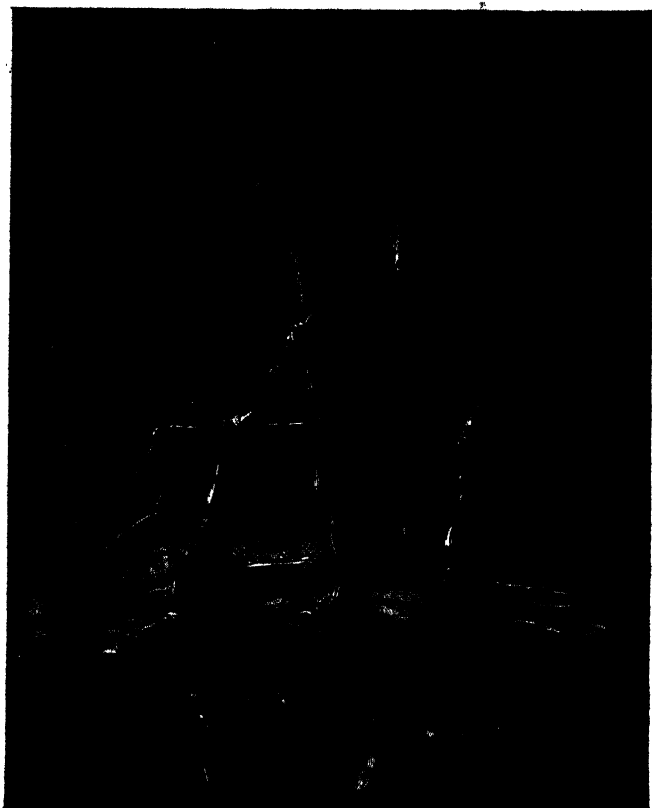
One — two —

The little English captain looked back in their faces and smiled.

Three — four — five —

He dropped his hand. Quick as lightning Captain Jemmy spun the wheel round. The stern swung sharply off.

16. The next moment the galley flew past. Her beak, missing the stern, rushed on, tearing great splinters



His right hand was lifted.

out of the *Merry Maid's* flank. Her starboard oars snapped like matchwood, hurling the slaves backward on their benches. Then she brought up, hopelessly disabled, right under the frigate's side.

17. And then at length the English cheer rang forth. In an instant the grappling irons were out,

and the frigate held her foe, clasped, caught. And at length, too, with a blinding flash and roar, the English guns spoke. A minute had done it all. Sixty seconds before, the gallant vessel had lain apparently at the Frenchman's mercy. Now the Frenchman was fastened, while the crowd upon deck stood as much exposed to the English fire as if the galley were a raft.

18. It was in this extremity that the French commander cast his eyes around, and found himself forced to do what Captain Barker from the first had meant him to do.

19. The four galleys that had started after the convoy were at this time sweeping along in rapid pursuit. In another five minutes the pathway to the Thames would be blocked, and all the merchant vessels at their mercy.

The Frenchman raised the flag of distress. He called them to his help.

20. A wild hurrah broke out from the crew of the frigate. The order meant their destruction; for how could the *Merry Maid* contend against six galleys? Yet they cheered, for they guessed what their captain had in his mind. And the little man's eyes sparkled as he heard.

21. As soon as the galleys saw their leader's signal, and turned unwillingly back from their chase, the capture of the *Merry Maid* became but a question of

time. The fight was hard. As the galleys closed round her, the first of the merchantmen was entering the Thames. Captain Barker cast a look round and touched his old friend's arm.

22. "Better get back to the forecastle, Jemmy, and intrench yourself." Captain Runacles nodded. "And you?" he asked.

"Oh! I'm going down to the cabin — first of all."

Captain Runacles nodded again. They looked straight into each other's eyes, shook hands, and parted.

23. The men of the *Merry Maid* could no longer keep the deck. She was hemmed in on every side, disabled by the fire of the enemy, and it only remained for the French to board her. Time after time they were driven back by Captain Runacles and his heroes, and it was only by laying open the deck of the frigate with axes, that the forecastle could be carried. When once aboard, the Frenchmen brought up their prisoners on deck — Captain Runacles with his right hand disabled.

24. "Are you the gallant captain of this frigate?" asked the French commander, taking off his hat.

"No, sir," Captain Runacles answered; "I have the honor to be his lieutenant."

25. Just then the report of a gun was heard, and two Frenchmen rushed upon deck from below, and

came forward hurriedly, one with a hand clapped to a wound in his shoulder.

26. "That," said Captain Runacles, "is probably Captain Barker. There is a shutter to his cabin-door."

"But this is silly," exclaimed the French commander, frowning.

27. "If you will excuse me, it is scarcely so silly as it looks. Captain Barker is within ten paces of the powder magazine. Moreover, between him and the powder magazine there is a door."

III

28. The French commander rushed aft to the companion ladder leading to the captain's cabin, and called on him to surrender.

"Go away!" answered a very surly voice from below.

"But, sir, consider. Your ship is in our hands—"

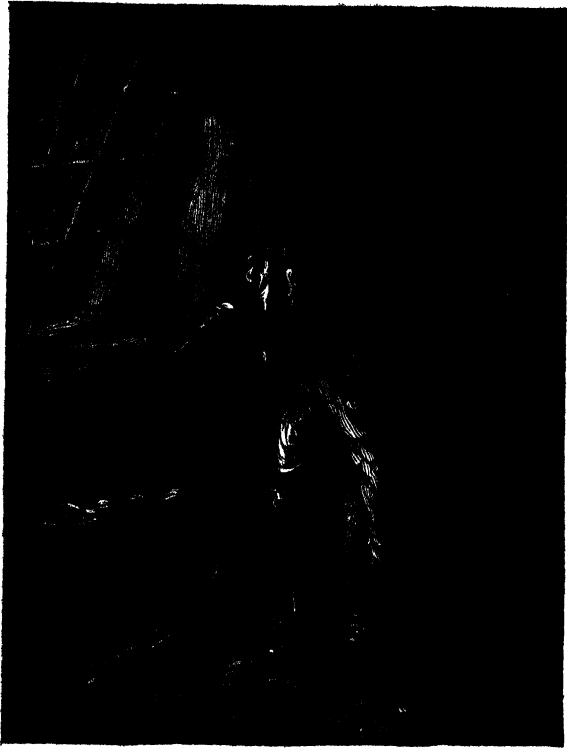
"Then come and take it."

29. "Your gallant officers have surrendered. You have behaved like a hero. Sir, it is magnificent—but come out."

"I shan't."

"But, sir, how can you help it?"

"Very simply. Time is of no concern to me. I have plenty of food and ammunition down here, and, if any man comes to take my sword, I shall kill him."



Captain Barker in the cabin

30. "You cannot kill five or six hundred."

"No; when I have done all I can, I shall fire the powder magazine."

"But, sir —"

It was absurd that one man should hold a ship against hundreds. Nevertheless, it was the case, and the Frenchman did not see his way out of it.

31. He determined to use decisive measures, and ordered twelve soldiers to advance to the cabin door, break it open, and overpower the Englishman.

The twelve men advanced as they were bidden. One was halfway down the ladder, with the others at his heels, when the report of a musket was heard; down he dropped with a ball in his leg.

32. The soldiers hesitated. Another shot followed. It was pretty clear that the besieged man had plenty of firearms loaded and ready. They scrambled up the steps again.

"It was all very well," they said; "but as they could only advance in single file, exposing their legs before they could use their arms, the Englishman from behind his barricade could shoot them down like sheep."

33. The French commander reproached them for their cowardice. He was about to order them down again when a door slammed below, and Captain Barker's head appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Which of you's the French captain?"

The commander lifted his hat.

"Humph!"

34. He stepped up on deck, and the French officers drew back in amazement. They looked at this man who had defied them for nearly an hour. They had expected to see a giant. Instead, they saw a tiny man of twisted shape, pale of face, and with glaring

eyes, who looked them all over with a grim smile as he limped along to deliver his sword to their commander.

35. Working his jaw, as a man who has to swallow a bitter pill which sticks in his mouth, he held out his sword without ceremony.

"Here you are," he said. "I've done with it; can't waste words."

36. "Sir," the Frenchman answered, bowing, "believe me, I receive it with little pleasure. The victory is ours, no doubt; but the honor of it you have wrested from us. Sir, I am a Frenchman, but I am a sailor, too, and my heart swells over such a feat as yours. Let me remind you that your present captivity is but the fortune of war, against which you have struggled bravely: that your self-sacrifice has saved your fleet."

37. "Humph," said the little man; "fine talk, sir, — fine talk. As for the ships, I saw the last of them slip into the Thames ten minutes since, from my cabin window. Sorry to keep you parleying so long; but couldn't come out before."

He blew his nose violently, cocked his head on one side, and added, —

"Though to be sure, sir, your words are very kind."

38. The Frenchman, with a pleasant smile, held out his sword to him.

“Take it back, sir — take back a weapon no man better deserves to wear. Forget that you are my prisoner; and, if I may beg it, remember rather that you are my friend.”

39. The face of the little captain flushed crimson. He hesitated, took back the sword clumsily, and hesitated again; then swiftly held out his hand to the French commander, with a smile as beautiful as his body was deformed.

“Sir, you have beaten me. I fought your men for a while but I can’t stand up against this.”

I. **Frig'ate**: a war vessel smaller than a ship of the line. **Wake**: the track, especially that left by a vessel in the water. **Gall'ey**: a war vessel propelled by oars. **Tail'rail**: the rail around a ship's stern; the upper part of the stern.

II. **Grapp'ling irons**: hooked irons used for seizing and holding fast a ship or other object. **Fore'castle** [sailors say *fōk's'l*], the forward part of a ship. **In trench'**: to make defensible against attack.

III. **Aft**: to the stern of a ship. **Sar'ly**: rough; ill natured. **Par'ley ing**: discussing; treating with an enemy as to terms of peace, etc.

Abou Ben Adhem

BY LEIGH HUNT

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859). An English poet and essayist. His writings are less memorable than his friendship with Keats and Shelley, as also with Lamb, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Dickens, and Carlyle. He is the author of "The Feast of the Poets," "The Story of Rimini," "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "Stories of the Italian Poets," etc.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, — "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed —

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

WORD LIST

- à bôm'í nà hê.** Hateful.
ad hê'síve. Sticky.
ad vên'tûre. Risk; venture; try | the chance of.
ad vër'sí tỹ. Trouble; misfortune.
ad'vô cáte. One who pleads the cause of another.
af.fect'ed. Used by Lamb with its old meaning of liked, favored.
á fôre'tíme. Before.
áft. The stern of a ship.
á ghást'. Frightened; terrified.
ág'í tát ôd. Disturbed; excited.
á grá'. An Irish term of endearment.
á loóf'. Away; at a distance.
á mëndz'. Reward for a loss or injury.
Ä'mí ens (äng).
än. If; a word used by old English authors.
à nôn'ỹ moüs lý Without the name of the author.
än'thém. A song or hymn.
áp par'el. Clothing.
áp plít'ation (shün). Earnest effort; close attention.
át'wí tûde. Position.
âu dâq'í tỹ. Daring; venturesomeness.
aug mënt'ing. Increasing.
á vick'. My dear.
bâf fled. Defeated; prevented from carrying out a purpose.
- bâl'dríc.** A belt; usually, a broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm.
bâl'ladz. Poems adapted for recitation or singing.
bâr. Hinder.
bâr'bá roús. Cruel.
bá rôm'ê těr. An instrument for finding out the weight or pressure of the atmosphere, in order to learn the probable changes of weather or the height of an ascent.
bâr'racks. Buildings in which soldiers are lodged.
bâr rí cá'dôed. Defended with a barrier.
bên ê fâc'tor. One who confers favors.
Bër'sêrk. A berserker; in Norse mythology, a hero mad with the rage of battle.
bê sôught'. Begged.
blást'ed. Blighted.
bôn' nỹ. Pretty.
Rôr'dêr, the. The districts of Scotland and England which adjoin.
brâve. Excellent; fine, — an old use of the word.
búc cá nêers'. Pirates; sea robbers, especially those who attacked the Spanish in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

- bũc'klẽrş.** Shields.
bũrg'h'ẽrş. Citizens; inhabitants.
Cãl'ais.
cã lã'm'i tĩẽş. Great misfortunes.
cał'drõn. A large kettle.
cãn tá'tã. A poem set to music.
Chãt tá hõo'chẽe. A river of Georgia.
chẽr'ũb. An angel.
Chinese roof. A high, peaked roof.
çhiv'al roũs. Knightly, heroic.
chõrẽş. The regular light work of a household or farm.
chũrl'ish. Rude.
clõmb. Climbed.
-clout. The center of the target.
cõm pĩ lã'tion (shũn). A book made of materials gathered from other writings.
cõn. Study.
cõn'cãve. Hollow and rounded, — said of the inside of a curved surface or line, in opposition to *convex*.
cõn qẽiv'ã ble. That may be thought of or imagined.
cõn spic'ũ õũs lý. Easily to be seen; showily.
cõn'vẽx. Rising into a rounded form, — said of a curved surface or line when viewed from without, in opposition to *concave*.
cõn'voy. An escort to guide or protect.
cõpe. Meet.
cõr dĩ ãl'i tỹ. Heartiness.
cõr'mõ rant. A sea bird.
cõr'sãir. Pirate.
couch. Lie, as upon a bed.
- cõun'tẽr fẽit ẽc'.** Changed with view to deceiving.
coun'tẽr pãrt. Copy; a person or thing closely resembling another.
cõurt'iers (yõrs). Gentlemen in attendance at the court of a prince.
cõurt'ly. Polite, elegant.
crãş. The cran is a Scotch measure for fresh herring, — as many as will fill a barrel.
crã'ven. Coward.
Crẽ'y (crẽs sĩ).
crẽv'ic ẽş. Narrow openings; cracks.
crown. An English silver coin worth about a dollar and twenty cents.
crũ sãl'ẽrş. Men who joined the expeditions undertaken in the Middle Ages by Christian nations for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks.
cũd'dĩrş. A Scotch name for the coalfish or pollock.
cui rassẽd' (kwẽ rãst). Wearing a cuirass, — a piece of defensive armor covering the body from the neck to the girdle.
dãft. Foolish; insane.
dẽemed. Thought.
dẽ fi'ant lý. Showing a disposition to resist.
dẽ'ĩ tỹ. God.
dẽlft. Earthenware made at the city of Delft in Holland, or ware in imitation of that.
dẽ lũ'sion (zhũn). Deception; cheat.
dẽ põge'. Dethrone; remove from office.
dẽp rĩ vã'tion (shũn). Loss; bereavement.
dẽ scrỹ'ing. Seeing; discovering.

dēs'ō lāt'ing. Laying waste.

dēs pēr ā'tion (shŭn). Despair; recklessness.

dē spōnd'ent. Low spirited; hopeless.

dē vīc'e. Plan.

dē vīg'ing. Planning; inventing

dēv'ō tēe'. One who is wholly devoted.

dīnt. A blow; the mark left by a blow; also force or power especially, as in this phrase, "by dint of."

dīs pērse'. Drive away; scatter.

dīs sēm'ble. Pretend not to be what one really is.

dī vīnēs'. Priests; clergymen.

dōle'ful. Full of dole or grief; sad.

Drake, Sir Francis (1540?—1596). An English navigator.

dūrst. Dared.

ēc'stā sŷ. Delight; rapture.

ēd'y ble. Eatable; fit to be used as food.

ēl dō rā'dō. The golden country, a name given by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to an imaginary country in the interior of South America said to abound in gold and gems.

ē mā'ci āt'ēd. Very lean, thin (shī)

ēm bāt'tled. Arranged in order of battle; prepared or armed for battle.

ēn grōssed'. Occupied wholly.

ēn joined'. Ordered.

ē nōr'mōūs. Very large.

ēn thrāl'led'. Enslaved.

ēn thū gī āsm. Joyful excitement.

ēn vī'rōned. Surrounded.

ē rūp'tion (shŭn). A violent throwing out of flames, lava, etc., as from a volcano or a fissure in the earth.

ēr ŷ sīp'ē las. A disease of the skin.

ēx ē cū'tion (shŭn). As a law term, the carrying into effect the judgment given in a court of law.

ēx'īlē. People who are sent away from their homes or who have separated themselves from their home.

ēx tēnd'ēd. Stretched out.

ēx tīnct'. Put out; extinguished.

fāin. Glad; contented.

fān tās'tic. Fanciful, queer.

fār'cī cal. Ridiculous.

fār'thīng. A small copper coin of Great Britain, equal in value to half a cent

fāsh'ōned. Made, gave shape or figure to.

fāth'ōmŷ. The fathom is a measure of length containing six feet — used chiefly in measuring cables and the depth of water

fēn. Marsh

fīāil. An instrument for threshing or beating out grain.

fīūx. Flow.

fōre'cās tle (sailors say fōk's'l). The forward part of a ship.

forked heads. Arrows.

for to. In order to, an expression now little used.

fowl'ing pīcqe. A light gun used in killing birds and other small game

frīg'āte. A war vessel smaller than a ship of the line

- Frobisher, Sir Martin** (1535–1594). An English navigator.
- Frois'sart** (1337–1410?). A French author who wrote an entertaining history of his own times.
- fūmes**. Vapors; smoke.
- fūsed**. Melted; made fluid.
- fū tīl'ī tŷ**. Uselessness.
- gāl'leŷ**. A war vessel propelled by oars.
- gēar**. Clothing, armor.
- gē ō mēt'ric**. According to geometry, — the branch of mathematics which treats of solids, surfaces, lines, and angles.
- gēr'fal** con. Gyrfalcon; a large Arctic falcon.
- Gilbert, Sir Humphrey** (1539?–1584). An English navigator.
- gōōd'li ēr**. Better looking; more agreeable.
- gōr'geōūs**. Fine; magnificent
- grāp'pling** irons (ī'ūrnŷ). Hooked irons used for seizing and holding fast ships or other objects.
- griēv'ange**. Trouble; grief.
- hāb ī tā'tion** (shūn). Dwelling.
- hānd'ī crāft**. A trade requiring skill of hand.
- haugh'tī lŷ**. Proudly; in an overbearing manner.
- Hawkins, Sir John** (1532–1595). An English naval commander.
- hēif'ēr**. A young cow.
- hēl'mēt**. A defensive covering for the head. The helmet was often adorned with a crest, — a plume of feathers or other decoration to show the rank of the wearer.
- hērd's'gras**. A kind of grass much used for hay.
- hōar'y**. White, usually with age.
- īm mōr'tal**. Undying.
- īm pārt'**. Make known; share.
- īm pēn'ī tent**. Not sorry.
- īm pē'rī oūs**. Commanding; overbearing
- īm ēx'plī cā ble**. That cannot be explained.
- īm'flūx**. A flowing in.
- īm spēc'tion** (shūn). A close examination
- īm trēnch'**. Make defensible against attack.
- īm vēc'tīve lŷ**. With severe blame; reproachfully.
- īm vōl'ūn tā rŷ**. Not under the control of the will; unwilling.
- īr ī dēs'cent**. Having colors like the rainbow
- īrks**. Pains; vexes — used impersonally.
- īr rē prēs's'ī ble**. That cannot be repressed or controlled.
- jāg**. A notch; a cleft.
- jēr'kīn**. A jacket or short coat.
- Kā pī ō lā'nī**
- Kī lau e'ā**.
- King Arthur**. A hero king of Britain, said to have lived in the sixth century.
- Knox, Henry** (1750–1806). An American Revolutionary general.
- Lā Hōgue'**.
- lār'gēs**. Bounty; gift.
- lāv'ing**. Bathing.
- lēe'ward**. In the direction towards which the wind blows.

- loy'al tŷ. Faithfulness; especially to one's king or government.
- lū'mi noūs. Very bright; shining.
- lūreŷ. Attractions.
- lūx ū'rī oūs. Given to the pleasure of the senses; indulging in unrestrained delight and freedom.
- Má bī nō'gī on. A series of Welsh tales, chiefly about King Arthur and his knights.
- māg á zīne'. A storehouse. The word is sometimes used for the things kept in a storehouse.
- mā'in. The sea.
- mā'jor dō'mō. A man employed to manage domestic affairs and to act within certain limits as master of the house.
- māl ē fāc'tor. An evil doer.
- mān'dāte. Order.
- mān'ī fōld. Many.
- mān'or house. A country house of some importance.
- má raud'ērŷ. Plunderers.
- mār'ī nērŷ. Sailors.
- māt'tēr. Affairs worthy of account; things of importance or interest.
- má vour'nēen. My darling.
- mēl'āu chōl ŷ. Sad.
- mēnd. Improve; help.
- mēr'ī tō'rī oūs. Possessing merit.
- mēr'rŷ mēn. Archers,—a name frequently given to Robin Hood and his companions.
- mē'tērŷ. Poetical measures depending on number, quantity, and accent of syllables; verses.
- mīm'ic rŷ. Imitation; likeness.
- mī nūte'. Very small.
- mīz'zen. The hindmost sail of a three-masted ship.
- mōn'ās tēr ŷ. A house of religious retirement; a convent.
- inōōred. Fixed in place, as by anchor.
- moralize this spectacle. Make moral reflections on this sight.
- mūl tī tū'dī noūs. Very many.
- mŷr'ī ad. A very great number; the word at first meant ten thousand.
- mŷs tē'rī oūs lŷ. In a way difficult or impossible to understand.
- nō'blēŷ. The noble was an old English gold coin worth about a dollar and sixty cents.
- nōr'mal. Natural; ordinary.
- nŷp'tials (shalŷ). Marriage.
- ōm'ī noūs. Foreshowing good or evil, usually evil.
- ōr nāte'. Decorated; beautiful.
- pāc'ī fīed. Made to be at peace.
- pār'lēŷ īng. Discussing; treating with an enemy, as to terms of peace, etc.
- Pe'le.
- pēl'ī ele. Thin film or skin.
- pēn'ī tenŷe. Sorrow for sins or faults.
- Percy, Thomas (1729-1811). An English clergyman who collected and published early English poems.
- pēr'ēmp tō rŷ. Positive; commanding.
- pēr pēt'ū al lŷ. Constantly.
- pēr tūrbed'. Disturbed; troubled.
- pēt'rī fīed. Changed, as an animal or vegetable substance, into stone.

pie. Magpie.

pieces of eight. Spanish coins worth about a dollar.

Pi'gà. A city of Italy.

Pisa's leaning miracle. The famous leaning tower of Pisa.

plight'ed. Pledged, promised.

poised. Balanced.

Poitiers (pwá'tí ā).

pört'á ble. That can be carried.

pör'talş. Gates.

pör tēnt'. A sign, especially of evil.

pös'türe. Position.

prē'çēpts. Commands; rules of action.

prē sēn'tí ment. Foreboding; impression that something unpleasant is about to happen.

prış ināt'ic colors. The colors into which light is resolved when passed through a prism.

prī mē'val. Original; belonging to the first ages.

pröf'fēr. Offer.

proph'ē sý. Foretell.
(pröf)

quēr'û loûs. Expressing complaint.

quöth. Said.

räck. Thin, flying, broken clouds.

rēc ōn qil i ā'tion (shūn). Reunion; renewal of friendship.

rē dēem'. Rescue; buy back.

rēp'tilş. Animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc.

req ui si'tion (rēk wí zish ūn). Requirement; need.

rē şign'. Submit; give up.

rē tain'. Keep.

rhythm. Measured beat; movement in musical time.

rig'ging. The ropes which support the masts of a ship and serve to manage the sails, etc.

Roses, War of the. An English civil war in the fifteenth century, — so called because the rival parties took as emblems the red and the white rose.

rūm'māg ing. Searching closely.

săc'ri lēge. The sin of profaning sacred things; impiety.

Să'gà. A legend or heroic story among the Norsemen and kindred people.

sà gā'cious (shūs). Wise.

St. George. The patron saint of England.

sā'the. The pollock or coalfish.

sāne'tū ā rý. A place of refuge; a sacred place.

sān'guine. Red.

sāt'û rā tēd. Soaked.

scăld. A reciter and singer of heroic poems among the Norsemen.

scăr. A steep rocky place; a bare place on the side of a mountain.

scoûrġed. Whipped severely.

screw'jack. A jack screw; a machine (screw) chine for lifting heavy weights by means of a screw.

sē cū'rī tý. Safety.

sēeth'ing. Boiling; being in a state of violent commotion.

sēine. A large fishing net.

sē quēs'tēred. Retired; set apart.

sē rēne'lý. Calmly.

sēv'ēred. Separated.

sig'nī fy ing. Meaning.

- šim'ī lēg.** Comparisons; words by which a thing is likened to something else. ▶
- šīrē.** Lord or master; a title of respect used in addressing a king.
- šīth.** An old word meaning since.
- škāw.** Headland.
- škīd.** An iron clog or hook fastened to a chain and placed under a wagon wheel to keep it from turning when going down a steep hill.
- škōal.** A Norse word meaning hail.
- šōr'qēr ēr.** A magician.
- spār.** A general term for any round piece of timber used as a mast, yard, etc.
- spēll.** A charm.
- spher'ūle.** A little sphere. (sfēr)
- sprīt'sāil.** A sail extended by a small pole.
- stān'chion (shūn).** A bar for confining cattle in a stall.
- stā'tion ā rŷ.** Not moving; fixed. (shūn)
- sūb sīst'ençe.** Means of support; livelihood.
- sūbtle.** Artful and refined
- sūc qēs'sor.** One who takes the place of another; follower.
- sure'tŷ.** A bondsman; one who is (shūr) answerable for another.
- sūr'lŷ.** Rough; ill-natured.
- Sŷb'ā rīs.** A Greek colony noted for the luxury of its inhabitants.
- sŷl'van.** Of the woods.
- sŷm'mē trŷ.** Beautiful proportion; due relation of the parts to the whole.
- tā bōō'.** A superstition, formerly common in the Polynesian Islands, which forbade people to have anything to do with certain persons and things.
- tāf'rāil.** The rail around the ship's stern or the upper part of the stern.
- tām'pēr īng.** Meddling; making little experiments with.
- tēs'tā ment.** Will.
- thōle'pīnš.** Wooden or metal pins set in the side of a boat to support the oars in rowing.
- thwārts.** Seats in a boat reaching athwart it: that is, from one side to the other.
- tra dī'tion (trā dīsh ūn).** Knowledge or belief handed down by word of mouth.
- trāns'pōrts.** Great delights.
- trāwl.** Take fish with a trawl or large bag net.
- try conclusions.** Make a trial or an experiment.
- ūn cōn'gēn'ial (yal).** Not adapted to; not in sympathy with.
- ūn cōn'scious lŷ.** Not purposely; (shūs) without being aware of.
- ūn cōuth'.** Strange.
- ūnc'tion (shūn).** Religious zeal; strong devotion.
- ūn tānt'ēd.** Pure; uncorrupted.
- ūn wīeld'ŷ.** Unmanageable; not easily managed or carried.
- ūp hēave'.** Raise
- vērgē.** Edge.
- vēr'ī lŷ.** Certainly; in fact.
- vī'kīng.** One belonging to the pirate crews from among the Norsemen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries.

- Vīr'gil** (B.C. 70-19). A great Roman poet.
- vōl'ūn tā rŷ.** Subject to or controlled by the will.
- vō'tive.** Devoted; given in fulfillment of a vow.
- wāke.** A track, especially that left by a vessel in the water.
- Wār'wick.**
- was'sail bout.** A drinking revel, so called from an old expression of good wishes, *Wes hal*, Health be to you, in drinking to some one.
- Wā'tēr lōō.** A great battle fought in 1815 in which the French were
- defeated by the allied forces of the English and Prussians.
- wēre'wolf (wulf).** According to old superstition, a person who had been changed into a wolf.
- whīt'tle.** A knife.
- wīēld.** Use; handle.
- wrapt not in Eastern balms.** In Egypt and other Eastern countries it was once the custom to embalm the bodies of the dead, — that is, to preserve them by the use of certain oils and spices.
- yārdŷ.** Long pieces of timber tapering towards the ends, used to support and extend the sails.
- yeō'man.** A man free born.

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā as in hāte	ě as in mēt	û as in tûbe
ǣ as in senāte	ē as in hēr	û as in pictûre
ǣ as in hăt	ī as in pīne	ũ as in tũb
ä as in fär	ī as in īdea	ȳ as in pull
ǣ as in ǣll	ī as in pīn	û as in fâr
ǣ as in ǣsk	ī as in sīr	oi, oy as in oil, toy
â as in câre	ō as in nōte	ou, ow as in out, now
ē as in mē	ô as in viôlet	ōō as in mōōn
ê as in bēlieve	ô as in nôt	ö as in fôot

Equivalents

ǣ=ô as in what	ī=ē as in bīrd	ô=ǣ as in hōrse
ē=ā as in they	ō=ōō as in dō	ô=û as in sōn
ê=â as in thêre	ô=ö or ȳ as in	ȳ=ī as in flȳ
ī=ē as in police	wōman	ȳ=ī as in hȳmn

Consonants

c as in call	g as in get	th as in this
ç as in çent	ğ as in ğem	ŋ (=ng) as in inŋk
ch as in chase	s as in same	x (=ks) as in vex
eh as in ehorus	ş as in haş	ẋ (=gs) as in exiẋt
çh as in çhaise	th as in thin	

